NEW STORIES OF TV AND RADIO'S HIT SHOWS!
SUPERMAN · NATIONAL COMICS · DC
52 BIG PAGES
MAY
NO.5
BIG TOWN
STEVE WILSON, BIG TOWN'S ACE NEWSMAN, BATTLES TO UNCOVER THE MYSTERY BEHIND THE HEADLINE STORY OF THE YEAR --
"LOST-- STRAYED-- OR STOLEN-- ONE MILLION DOLLARS"!
PAYING · RECEIVING
10c

# IS BIG TIME ON TELEVISION!

See

STEVE WILSON, FIGHTING NEWSPAPERMAN, AND HIS BEAUTIFUL ASSISTANT, LORELEI KILBOURNE, IN FAST-ACTION, HARD-HITTING ADVENTURES THAT MAKE YOUR TV SCREEN THRILL WITH EXCITEMENT!

**CBS-TV THURSDAY, 9:30 P.M. E.S.T.**

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# IS BIG TIME ON RADIO!

Hear

THE GREAT CAST OF ONE OF RADIO'S BIGGEST, BEST-KNOWN AND BEST-LIKED DRAMATIC ACTION SHOWS IN TINGLING ADVENTURES THAT KEEP YOU ON THE EDGE OF YOUR EARS!

**NBC TUESDAY, 10 P.M. E.S.T.**

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BIG TOWN
POST OFFICE AUCTION
WHAT HAS A LION STATUETTE--SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION--TO DO WITH A SENSATIONAL BANK ROBBERY? WHY IS A GANG OF BANK BANDITS DESPERATELY TRYING TO GAIN POSSESSION OF THE LION? AND, FINALLY, WHY IS STEVE WILSON--THE CRIME-BATTLING NEWSMAN OF BIG TOWN'S ILLUSTRATED PRESS, ON THE TRAIL OF THE MYSTERIOUS STATUETTE? ALL THESE TANTALIZING QUERIES AND MORE ARE ANSWERED WITH DRAMATIC IMPACT IN...
"LOST--STRAYED OR STOLEN--ONE MILLION DOLLARS!"
WE'VE GOT TO GET THIS CROCKERY LION TO THE POLICE, HARRY!
RUN, BOSS! I'LL CLEAR THE WAY FOR YOU!

BEARING A CASH DEPOSIT FOR HIS ILLUSTRATED PRESS ACCOUNT, STEVE WILSON ENTERS THE GRAIN NATIONAL BANK...
KIND OF QUIET HERE TODAY! YOU COULD HEAR A DOLLAR DROP-
LET'S KEEP IT QUIET, MISTER.
THIS IS A STICK-UP!
GALLOPING GHOSTS! I'VE WALKED HEAD-ON INTO A PAGE ONE STORY...
LET'S BLOW! I CLEARED OUT THE VAULT!
I CAN'T JUST STAND HERE DOING NOTHING--WATCHING THESE CROOKS GET AWAY WITH THIS--
HEEDLESS OF DANGER, THE FIGHTING NEWSMAN SWINGS INTO ACTION...
THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU GO!
BAM!
UNGG..
A STEEL-SINEWED BODY STRIKES THE SECOND CROOK AMIDSHIP...
PLUG THIS GUY--BEFORE HE GUMS UP THE WORKS--
A THIRD CROOK--APPEARING FROM THE STREET OUTSIDE--ENDS THE UNEQUAL FRAY...
CHIP, YOU DIDN'T GET IN HERE ANY TOO SOON!
I LEFT THE MOTOR RUNNIN'! C'MON, LET'S BEAT IT--
2

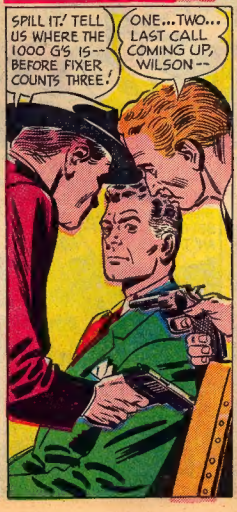
AFTER STEVE HAS COME TO... UNHURT...
-STOLE ONE MILLION DOLLARS.'
WHEW! GOT TO GET TO THE OFFICE.' WE CAN SCOOP EVERY PAPER IN TOWN.'
WITHIN A COUPLE OF HOURS--ALL OVER BIG TOWN...
ILLUSTRATED PRESS
ONE MILLION DOLLAR HOLD-UP AT GRAIN NATIONAL BANK
EYE WITNESS ACCOUNT BY STEVE WILSON
READ
IN AN ABANDONED FACTORY ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...
WHAT A HAUL! DID YOU COUNT IT, FIXER?
...ONE MILLION DOLLAR ROBBERY...
NAW! I JUST GRABBED THE BUNDLES OF CASH AN' CHUCKED THEM IN THIS BAG...
DUMP IT OUT AN' LET'S COUNT IT.' I NEVER SEEN A MILLION BUCKS IN ONE LUMP!
HERE SHE IS, FELLERS.' FEAST YOUR PEEPERS ON THIS.'
THEN--UNEXPECTEDLY...
$4,000 IN SMALL BILLS.' FIXER, YOU BETTER TALK FAST-AN' TALK GOOD.'
G-GANG-WE'VE... WE BEEN ROBBED.'
SWIFTLY, THE TRIO ARRIVES AT A PROBABLE EXPLANATION...
THAT NEWSPAPER MUG--STEVE WILSON.' HE HAD A SATCHEL JUST LIKE OURS.'
THAT'S IT.' IN THE FIGHT WE MUST'VE SWITCHED SATCHELS.' THAT MEANS WILSON'S GOT THE LOOT.'

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS... STEVE GOES THROUGH THE ROGUES' GALLERY FILE...
NOT HERE.' THE GANG MUST BE OUT-OF-TOWNERS, INSPECTOR CALLAHAN.'
WELL, YOU'VE GIVEN US COMPLETE DESCRIPTIONS OF TWO OF THEM, STEVE.' THAT WILL HELP.'

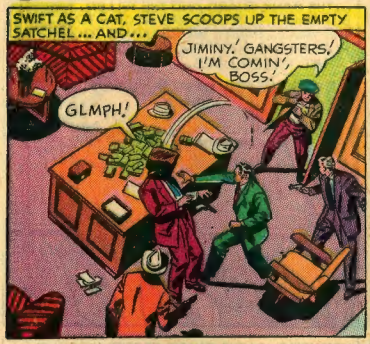
AFTER A BUSY DAY, ONE NEWSPAPERMAN, AT LEAST, IS GLAD TO GET HOME...
I NEVER DID GET A CHANCE TO MAKE MY DEPOSIT... HUH? SOMEONE IN MY APARTMENT.' PROBABLY HARRY THE HACK-- HE SAID HE'D DROP IN TONIGHT...
CREAK

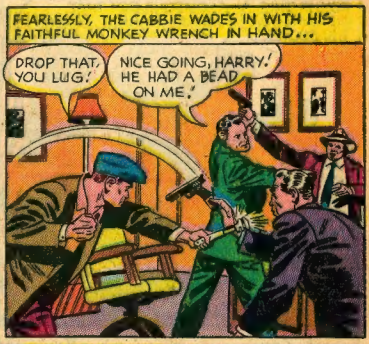
THE BANK ROBBERS!'
HE'S STILL GOT THE SATCHEL.'
HEIST 'EM, WILSON!'

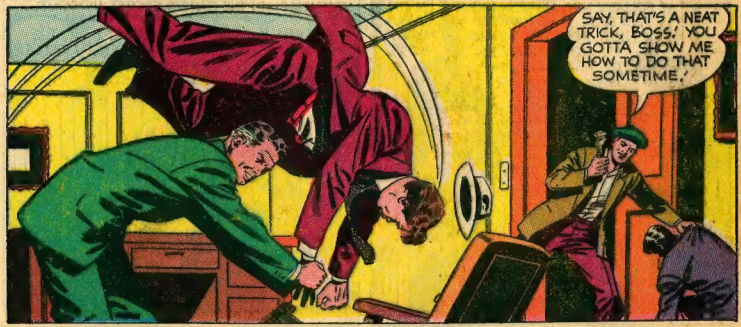
HASTILY, STEVE'S SATCHEL IS SEIZED AND OPENED...
$4,500... 5,300... THIS AIN'T THE MILLION.'
IT'S MY DEPOSIT.' WHAT ARE YOU CROOKS TALKING ABOUT?


SPILL IT.' TELL US WHERE THE 1000 G'S IS-- BEFORE FIXER COUNTS THREE.'
ONE... TWO... LAST CALL COMING UP, WILSON--

SUDDENLY... A BELATED VISITOR APPEARS...
SORRY I'M LATE, BOSS.' TRAFFIC... OH.' YOU GOT GUESTS.' HOPE I AIN'T INTERRUDIN'...
HARRY COULDN'T HAVE TIMED IT BETTER IF HE'D BEEN ON CUE.'


SWIFT AS A CAT, STEVE SCOOPS UP THE EMPTY SATCHEL... AND...
JIMINY! GANGSTERS! I'M COMIN', BOSS!
GLMPH!

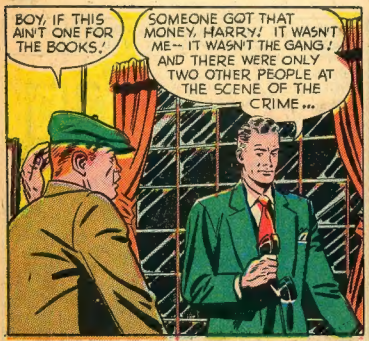

FEARLESSLY, THE CABBIE WADES IN WITH HIS FAITHFUL MONKEY WRENCH IN HAND...
DROP THAT, YOU LUG!
NICE GOING, HARRY! HE HAD A BEAD ON ME!


SAY, THAT'S A NEAT TRICK, BOSS! YOU GOTTA SHOW ME HOW TO DO THAT SOMETIME!

AS ABRUPTLY AS IT BEGAN--THE FIGHT ENDS...
MAKIN' TRACKS!
AFTER THEM, HARRY!

IN THE CROWDED STREET BELOW, THE GANG MAKES GOOD ITS ESCAPE...
WE'VE LOST THEM IN THE CROWD!
AN' THOSE WERE THE THREE HOODS THAT ROBBED THE BANK THIS MORNING? JIMINY--

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, INSPECTOR CALLAHAN GETS A PHONE CALL...
YOU SAY THE GANG CAME UP THERE LOOKING FOR THE MILLION DOLLARS? BUT IF THEY DIDN'T GET IT, STEVE--WHO DID?
THAT'S THE JACKPOT QUESTION, INSPECTOR!


BOY, IF THIS AIN'T ONE FOR THE BOOKS!
SOMEONE GOT THAT MONEY, HARRY! IT WASN'T ME-- IT WASN'T THE GANG! AND THERE WERE ONLY TWO OTHER PEOPLE AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...

...THE BANK GUARD AND THE TELLER. BUT ONLY THE TELLER HAS ACCESS TO THE VAULT... HARRY, WE'RE GOING TO PLAY A LONG SHOT! FIND OUT WHERE THAT TELLER LIVES...

FOLLOW HIM, HARRY--NIGHT AND DAY! IF HE HAS THE LOOT, HE'LL TRY TO HIDE IT! HE'S HARDLY HAD TIME YET!
I'M ON MY WAY, BOSS!

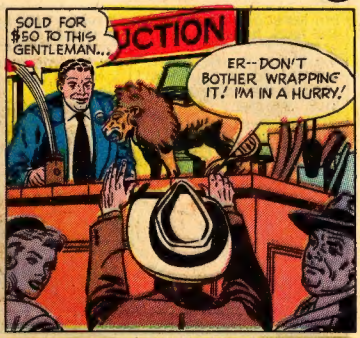
MEANWHILE... IN THE GANG'S SECRET HIDEOUT...
WILSON WAS LEVELING!
YEAH! THAT'S WHAT I THINK! FIXER, WHO OPENED THE VAULT FOR YOU?
THE TELLER, CHIP! BUT WHAT--?

THE TELLER?... BOYS, I GOT A HUNCH WE'VE BEEN PLAYED FOR A BUNCH O' SAPS! C'MON! WE'RE GONNA FIND OUT!

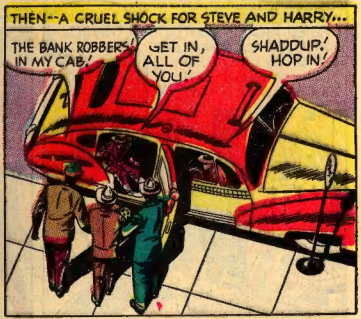
SOON AFTER... J. HARVEY EGMONT, THE BANK TELLER, MAILS A PARCEL...
THAT'LL BE #2.38!
HERE YOU ARE...
POST OFFICE REGULATIONS
6

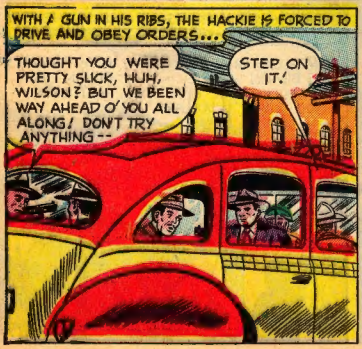
BUT NO SOONER DOES EGMONT DEPART, THAN HARRY THE HACK APPEARS AT THE COUNTER...
WAIT! THIS IS IMPORTANT, MISTER! COULD I HAVE A LOOK AT THE ADDRESS ON THAT PACKAGE?
WELL, IT'S HIGHLY IRREGULAR... BUT...
THIS IS ODD! I DIDN'T NOTICE BEFORE--THERE IS NO SUCH ADDRESS!
HUH? BUT--WHAT HAPPENS TO THE PACKAGE NOW?
Jim Jones 1876-33rd St. Big Town
ALL UNDELIVERED MAIL IS OPENED AND ITS CONTENTS PUT UP FOR AUCTION AT THE END OF 30 DAYS! UNTIL THEN--NO ONE CAN TOUCH THIS PACKAGE!
I SEE! THANKS...
UNKNOWN TO HARRY, OTHER EYES HAVE WATCHED HIM!
FIXER, I'LL BET YOU A MILLION BUCKS OUR DOUGH IS IN THAT PACKAGE!
AN AUCTION--IN 30 DAYS! THAT AIN'T LONG TO WAIT--TO BECOME A MILLIONAIRE!
AS THE DAYS AND WEEKS PASS...
EGMONT AIN'T MADE A SUSPICIOUS MOVE SINCE THE DAY HE MAILED THAT PARCEL, STEVE!
AND THE AUCTION IS TOMORROW! IF HE ATTENDS IT, HARRY--WE'LL KNOW WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK!
THE FOLLOWING MORNING... IN ONE OF THE POST OFFICE LOFTS...
NOW, FOLKS, WHAT AM I BID ON THIS CROCKERY LION?
ER--FIVE DOLLARS!
BOSS, EGMONT'S BIDDIN' FOR THAT LION!

SPIRITED BIDDING SHOVES THE PRICE OF THE LION UP SWIFTLY...
$10!
$20!
$25!
$50!
LET HIM GET IT, HARRY! THEN WE'LL GET HIM!


SOLD FOR $50 TO THIS GENTLEMAN...
UCTION
ER--DON'T BOTHER WRAPPING IT! I'M IN A HURRY!

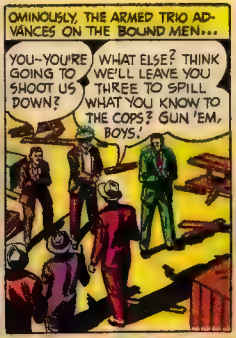
BUT AS THE TELLER EXITS WITH HIS PRIZE...
SAY! WHAT--?
YOU'RE COMING WITH US, EGMONT--TO THE POLICE! THEY'LL WANT A LOOK AT THAT LION!
AUCTION
TWO FLIGHTS UP

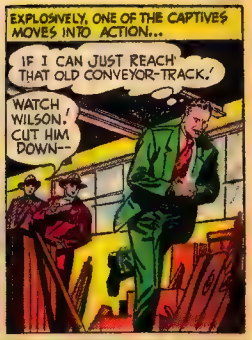

THEN--A CRUEL SHOCK FOR STEVE AND HARRY...
THE BANK ROBBERS IN MY CAB!
GET IN, ALL OF YOU!
SHADDUP! HOP IN!

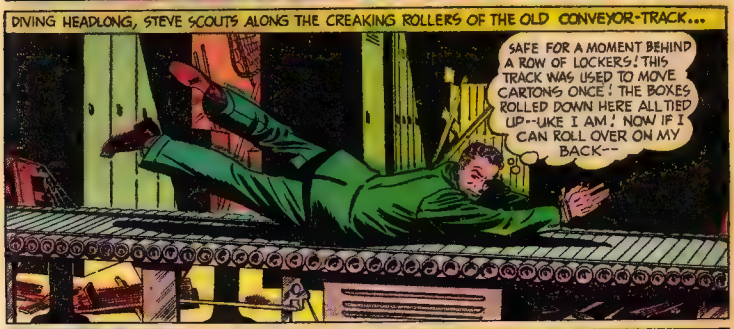

WITH A GUN IN HIS RIBS, THE HACKIE IS FORCED TO DRIVE AND OBEY ORDERS...
THOUGHT YOU WERE PRETTY SLICK, HUH, WILSON? BUT WE BEEN WAY AHEAD O' YOU ALL ALONG! DON'T TRY ANYTHING--
STEP ON IT!

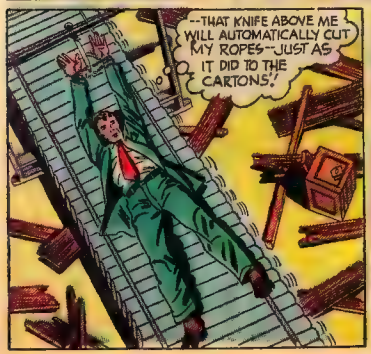
SOON AFTER... IN THE GANG'S HIDEOUT...
BOSS, WE'RE SURE IN A PICKLE--
SHH... LOOK! THEY'RE CRACKING OPEN THE LION--

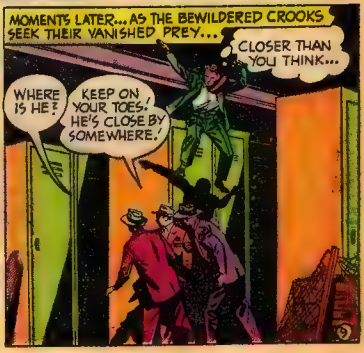
IT'S HERE! HUNDREDS AN' HUNDREDS O' G-NOTES!
SO EGMONT DID TRY TO MAKE SAPS OUT O' US! LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH, BOYS...


OMINOUSLY, THE ARMED TRIO ADVANCES ON THE BOUND MEN...
YOU--YOU'RE GOING TO SHOOT US DOWN?
WHAT ELSE? THINK WE'LL LEAVE YOU THREE TO SPILL WHAT YOU KNOW TO THE COPS? GUN 'EM, BOYS!


EXPLOSIVELY, ONE OF THE CAPTIVES MOVES INTO ACTION...
IF I CAN JUST REACH THAT OLD CONVEYOR-TRACK.
WATCH, WILSON! CUT HIM DOWN--

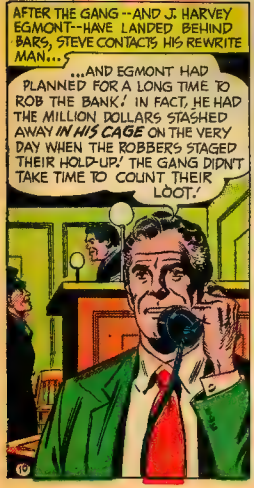

DIVING HEADLONG, STEVE SCOUTS ALONG THE CREAKING ROLLERS OF THE OLD CONVEYOR-TRACK...
SAFE FOR A MOMENT BEHIND A ROW OF LOCKERS! THIS TRACK WAS USED TO MOVE CARTONS ONCE! THE BOXES ROLLED DOWN HERE ALL TIED UP--LIKE I AM! NOW IF I CAN ROLL OVER ON MY BACK--


--THAT KNIFE ABOVE ME WILL AUTOMATICALLY CUT MY ROPES--JUST AS IT DID TO THE CARTONS!


MOMENTS LATER... AS THE BEWILDERED CROOKS SEEK THEIR VANISHED PREY...
CLOSER THAN YOU THINK...
WHERE IS HE?
KEEP ON YOUR TOES! HE'S CLOSE BY SOMEWHERE.

A HUMAN PILEDRIVER HURTLES DOWNWARD WITH SHATTERING FORCE...
WHEE! STEVE YOU'RE A ONE-MAN ARMY! SIT TIGHT, EGGIE--IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU!
WHAM!

CLUBBING HIS TIED HANDS, THE DOUGHTY HACKIE JOINS THE FRAY!
YOU LOWLIFE! TAKE THAT!
NOT TOO HARD, HARRY--
BANG!
--WE WANT TO SAVE THESE SPECIMENS FOR THE COURTROOM!
RIGHT YOU ARE, STEVE! WE'LL GIVE THE ORDERS NOW!


AFTER THE GANG--AND J. HARVEY EGMONT--HAVE LANDED BEHIND BARS, STEVE CONTACTS HIS REWRITE MAN...
...AND EGMONT HAD PLANNED FOR A LONG TIME TO ROB THE BANK! IN FACT, HE HAD THE MILLION DOLLARS STASHED AWAY IN HIS CAGE ON THE VERY DAY WHEN THE ROBBERS STAGED THEIR HOLD-UP! THE GANG DIDN'T TAKE TIME TO COUNT THEIR LOOT!

... THEY GRABBED ALL THEY SAW AND RAN! THEN EGMONT COOLY ANNOUNCED THEY HAD STOLEN THE MILLION DOLLARS! AND AFTERWARDS, HE SIMPLY WALKED HOME WITH THE MONEY!
IT'S TERRIFIC, STEVE! I'LL GET IT IN COPY RIGHT AWAY!

LATER... IN INSPECTOR CALLAHAN'S OFFICE...
DON'T FORGET HARRY! HE UNCOVERED EGMONT'S PLAN TO HIDE THE LOOT TILL THE HEAT WAS OFF...
YOU'VE EARNED THE GRATITUDE OF THE DEPARTMENT, STEVE!
AW, BOSS! YOU KNOW HOW MODEST I AM...
THE END

# "U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS

JET-PROPELLED BIKE

"SABOTAGING THE SABOTEURS"

AS AN ARMY PLANE TAKES OFF, CARRYING SECRET JET-BOMBER DESIGNS, U.S. ROYAL AND THE BIKE CLUB BOYS OVERHEAR...

WELL, OUR JOB'S DONE, LUKE! THAT PLANE WILL NEVER REACH WASHINGTON. LET'S GO-

HMMM... DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT!

ROYAL AND THE BOYS FOLLOW THE MEN TO A HIDEOUT AND LISTEN, AS LUKE REPORTS TO THE BOSS...

IN 30 MINUTES, THE TIME-BOMB WE PLANTED ON THAT PLANE GOES OFF AND - BOOM! - GO THE JET DESIGNS!

I HOPE THE BOYS GET BACK WITH THE POLICE BEFORE THOSE RATS ESCAPE... AND I HOPE I GET TO THAT FLIGHT-TOWER IN TIME!

THANKS TO ROYAL'S SUPER-SPEED, SOON -- INSIDE THE DOOMED PLANE --

--AND IS TIMED TO EXPLODE IN 5 MINUTES!

HURRY! DUMP IT WHILE WE'RE OVER THE OCEAN!

BOOM!

LATER, WITH THE SABOTEURS UNDER ARREST, AND THE JET DESIGNS SAFE IN WASHINGTON...

WE CERTAINLY OWE A LOT TO YOU BOYS -- AND TO YOUR FAST ACTION. THAT'S WHAT I CALL SUPER-BIKING!

NOTHING TO IT WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON SUPER-BIKE-TIRES -- LIKE U.S. ROYALS! RIGHT, FELLAS?

SPEED THE SAFE WAY, FELLAS -- GET U.S. ROYALS ON YOUR BIKE. THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN REALLY GRIPS AND HOLDS THE ROAD -- IN ANY WEATHER!

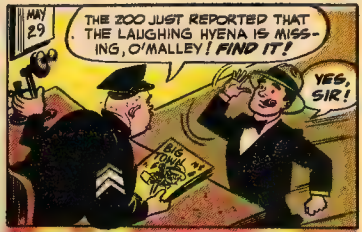
FOR SAFE, FAST STOPS -- LONGER WEAR -- AND EASY PEDALING, YOU CAN RELY ON U.S. ROYALS, WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN. TRY THEM AND SEE!

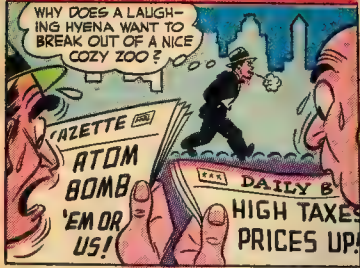
U.S. ROYAL

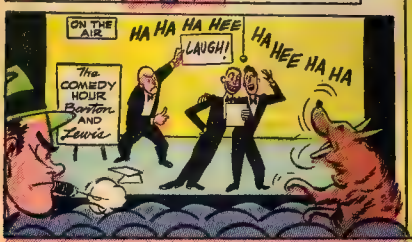
BIKE TIRES

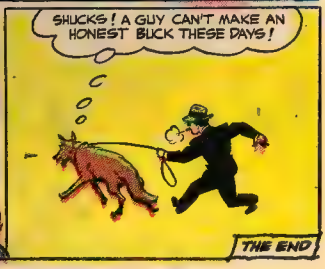
Products of

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY



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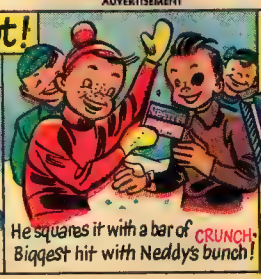
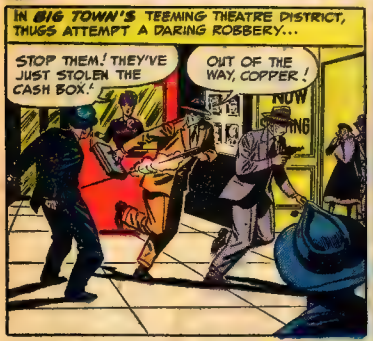
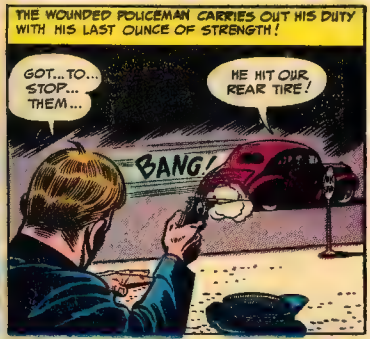
The Hit of the Lot!



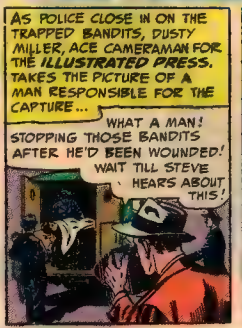

RICH, CREAMY, CRUNCHY GOODNESS...

BIG TOWN
TO THE POPLE OF BIG TOWN, A POLICEMAN WAS A HERO—BUT WHAT DID THEY KNOW ABOUT THE WORRIES OF HIS WIFE AND FAMILY? HOWEVER, STEVE WILSON, BATTLING NEWSMAN OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS, CARED! HE CARED ENOUGH TO CARRY HIS FIGHT TO THE FRONT PAGE—AND TO DEFY THE RACKETEERS WHO THREATENED TO KILL--TO
"STOP THE PRESSES!"

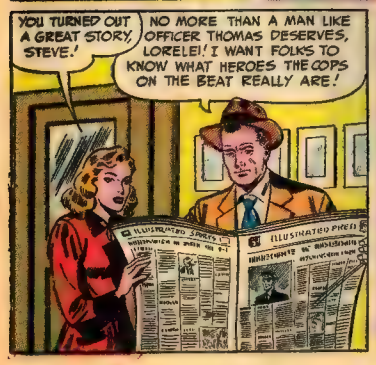

IN BIG TOWN'S TEEMING THEATRE DISTRICT, THUGS ATTEMPT A DARING ROBBERY...
STOP THEM! THEY'VE JUST STOLEN THE CASH BOX!
OUT OF THE WAY, COPPER!


THE WOUNDED POLICEMAN CARRIES OUT HIS DUTY WITH HIS LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH!
GOT...TO... STOP... THEM...
HE HIT OUR REAR TIRE!
BANG!

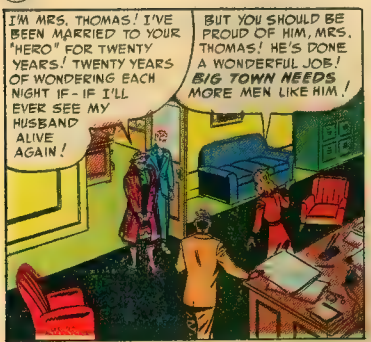
WE'RE SKIDDING— LOOK OUT!

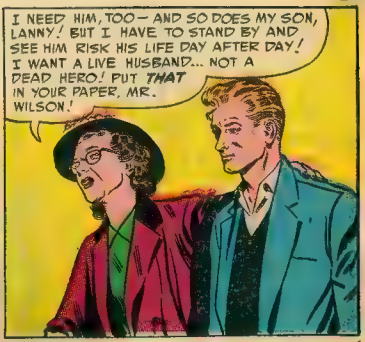

AS POLICE CLOSE IN ON THE TRAPPED BANDITS, DUSTY MILLER, ACE CAMERAMAN FOR THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS, TAKES THE PICTURE OF A MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CAPTURE...
WHAT A MAN! STOPPING THOSE BANDITS AFTER HE'D BEEN WOUNDED!
WAIT TILL STEVE HEARS ABOUT THIS!

LATER, STEVE WILSON, CRUSADING NEWSMAN FOR THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS, PAYS TRIBUTE TO THE INJURED PATROLMAN IN A FRONT-PAGE STORY...
WOUNDED PATROLMAN STOPS BANDITS!
Officer Thomas in hospital after a battle with


YOU TURNED OUT A GREAT STORY, STEVE!
NO MORE THAN A MAN LIKE OFFICER THOMAS DESERVES, LORELEI! I WANT FOLKS TO KNOW WHAT HEROES THE COPS ON THE BEAT REALLY ARE!
ILLUSTRATED SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED PICES

HEROES! WHAT DO YOU TWO KNOW ABOUT HEROES?
2


I'M MRS. THOMAS! I'VE BEEN MARRIED TO YOUR "HERO" FOR TWENTY YEARS! TWENTY YEARS OF WONDERING EACH NIGHT IF - IF I'LL EVER SEE MY HUSBAND ALIVE AGAIN!
BUT YOU SHOULD BE PROUD OF HIM, MRS. THOMAS! HE'S DONE A WONDERFUL JOB! BIG TOWN NEEDS MORE MEN LIKE HIM!


I NEED HIM, TOO — AND SO DOES MY SON, LANNY! BUT I HAVE TO STAND BY AND SEE HIM RISK HIS LIFE DAY AFTER DAY! I WANT A LIVE HUSBAND... NOT A DEAD HERO! PUT THAT IN YOUR PAPER, MR. WILSON!

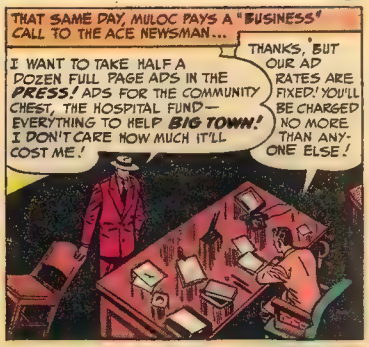
ALL RIGHT, MRS. THOMAS, I WILL! THE POLICE FORCE IS A VITAL PART OF BIG TOWN — AND I'M GOING TO CAMPAIGN TO MAKE IT THE STRONGEST, BEST PAID FORCE POSSIBLE!

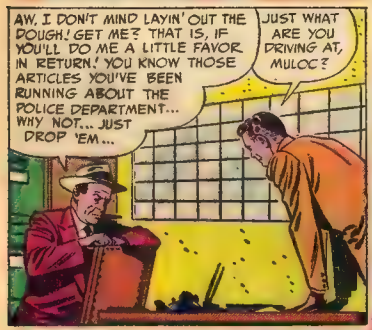
THANKS, MR. WILSON! BUT I'M AFRAID YOUR CAMPAIGN WON'T BRING MY HUSBAND BACK FROM THE HOSPITAL ANY SOONER! LET'S GO, LANNY.
SURE, MOM, IN A MINUTE!

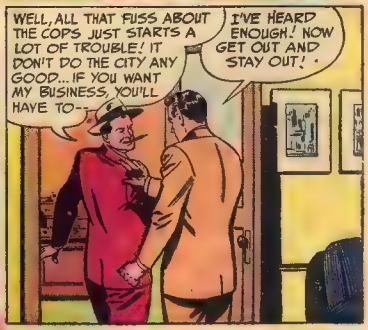
I JUST HAD TO TELL YOU, MR. WILSON — I'M PROUD OF MY DAD, AND OF YOUR STORY, TOO! ARE YOU REALLY GOING TO GO THROUGH WITH THIS CAMPAIGN?
YOU BET I AM, LANNY - STARTING TODAY!

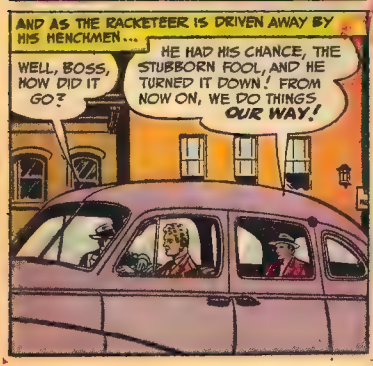
STEVE WILSON'S FRONT-PAGE DEMAND FOR A STRONGER POLICE FORCE SOON BECOMES THE TALK OF BIG TOWN — INCLUDING ITS UNDERWORLD! AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF RACKETEER VINCE MULOC...
"DOUBLE POLICE FORCE!" BIG TOWN COPS UNDERPAID!" 'MORE MEN NEEDED TO STOP RACKETS!" AIN'T THAT STEVE WILSON EVER GONNA SHUT UP?
WHAT'S EATIN' YOU, BOSS? THE COPS CAN'T PIN NOTHIN' ON YOU, ANYWAY!

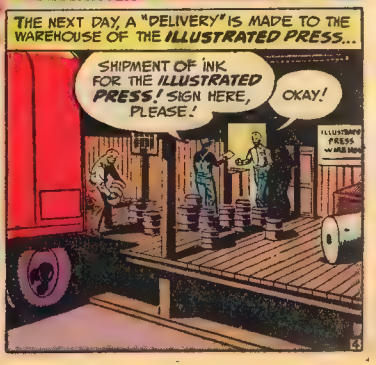
MAYBE NOT—AND I MEAN TO KEEP IT THAT WAY! I BETTER HAVE A FEW WORDS WITH THIS WILSON! GUY!


THAT SAME DAY, MULOC PAYS A "BUSINESS" CALL TO THE ACE NEWSMAN...
I WANT TO TAKE HALF A DOZEN FULL PAGE ADS IN THE PRESS! ADS FOR THE COMMUNITY CHEST, THE HOSPITAL FUND—EVERYTHING TO HELP BIG TOWN! I DON'T CARE HOW MUCH IT'LL COST ME!
THANKS, BUT OUR AD RATES ARE FIXED! YOU'LL BE CHARGED NO MORE THAN ANY-ONE ELSE!

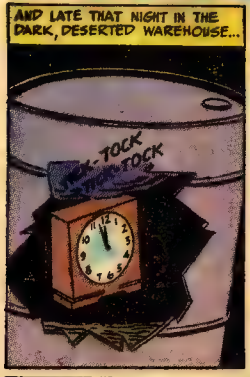

AW, I DON'T MIND LAYIN' OUT THE DOUGH! GET ME? THAT IS, IF YOU'LL DO ME A LITTLE FAVOR IN RETURN! YOU KNOW THOSE ARTICLES YOU'VE BEEN RUNNING ABOUT THE POLICE DEPARTMENT... WHY NOT... JUST DROP 'EM...
JUST WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT, MULOC?


WELL, ALL THAT FUSS ABOUT THE COPS JUST STARTS A LOT OF TROUBLE! IT DON'T DO THE CITY ANY GOOD... IF YOU WANT MY BUSINESS, YOU'LL HAVE TO--
I'VE HEARD ENOUGH! NOW GET OUT AND STAY OUT!


AND AS THE RACKETEER IS DRIVEN AWAY BY HIS HENCHMEN...
WELL, BOSS, HOW DID IT GO?
HE HAD HIS CHANCE, THE STUBBORN FOOL, AND HE TURNED IT DOWN! FROM NOW ON, WE DO THINGS OUR WAY!

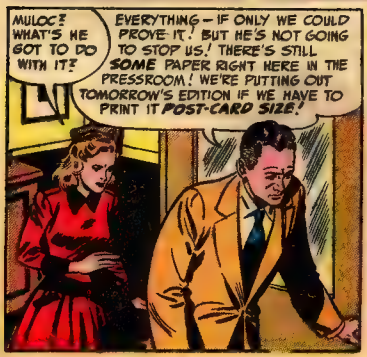

THE NEXT DAY, A "DELIVERY" IS MADE TO THE WAREHOUSE OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS...
SHIPMENT OF INK FOR THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS! SIGN HERE, PLEASE!
OKAY!
ILLUSTRATED PRESS

BY MIDNIGHT, STEVE WILSON WILL BE SORRY HE THREW ME OUT OF HIS OFFICE!


AND LATE THAT NIGHT IN THE DARK, DESERTED WAREHOUSE...
TICK-TOCK TICK-TOCK

BOOM

NEWS OF THE DISASTER REACHES STEVE AND LORELEI AS THEY PREPARE TOMORROW'S HEADLINES...
STEVE, THERE'S BEEN AN EXPLOSION IN THE WAREHOUSE! ALL OUR PAPER FOR TOMORROW'S EDITION IS RUINED!
EXPLOSION—! SOUNDS LIKE MULOC'S WORK! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!


MULOC? WHAT'S HE GOT TO DO WITH IT?
EVERYTHING—IF ONLY WE COULD PROVE IT! BUT HE'S NOT GOING TO STOP US! THERE'S STILL SOME PAPER RIGHT HERE IN THE PRESSROOM! WE'RE PUTTING OUT TOMORROW'S EDITION IF WE HAVE TO PRINT IT POST-CARD SIZE!

AND THE NEXT DAY, THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS APPEARS IN THE SMALLEST, MOST COURAGEOUS EDITION IN THE HISTORY OF BIG TOWN...
ILLUSTRATED PRESS
MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSION ROCKS ILLUSTRATED PRESS WAREHOUSE!
POLICE CAMPAIGN HITS UNDERWORLD

WILSON'S HEROIC SPECIAL EDITION BRINGS HIM THE SUPPORT OF EVERY RIGHT-THINKING CITIZEN OF *BIG TOWN* — INCLUDING YOUNG LANNY THOMAS...

GOSH, MR. WILSON, DAD AND I THOUGHT YOUR SPECIAL EDITION WAS TOPS! ISN'T THERE ANY WAY I CAN HELP?

THANKS, LANNY, BUT THE POLICE HAVE EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL NOW!

YES, EVERYTHING WAS UNDER CONTROL EXCEPT MULOC'S FURY AS HE PLANNED HIS NEXT STEP...

WE BURN UP HIS PAPER—AND HE PUTS OUT THIS PINT-SIZED SHEET TO MAKE HIMSELF THE HERO OF *BIG TOWN!* WE'VE GOT TO STOP THAT WILSON *SOMEHOW!*

THAT'S IT! WHO *CARES* IF WILSON GOES ON WRITING HIS STUFF — AS LONG AS HE CAN'T GET IT TO THE PEOPLE! WE'LL STOP HIM FROM THE DISTRIBUTION END! TRUCKS, DELIVERY MEN, NEWSIES — WE'LL GET 'EM ALL! PETE, ROUND UP ALL THE "BOYS" IN TOWN.'

AND MULOC'S WORDS BEGIN A REIGN OF TERROR SUCH AS *BIG TOWN* HAS NEVER SEEN — AS HE AND HIS VICIOUS CREW START THEIR UNDECLARED WAR AGAINST THE MEN AND MACHINES THAT DELIVER THE *ILLUSTRATED PRESS*...

ILLUSTRATED PRESS

BUS STOP

ILLUSTRATED PRESS

ILLUSTRATED PRESS

AS THE TOLL OF DESTRUCTION MOUNTS—

I *KNOW* MULOC'S BEHIND THIS ATTACK—BUT I HAVEN'T A SHRED OF EVIDENCE!

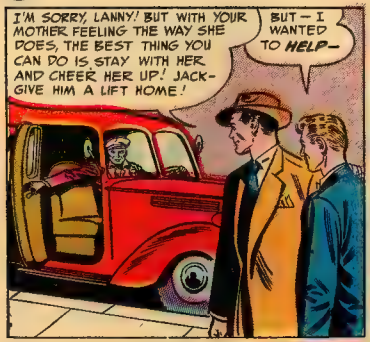
WELL, WE CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS! WE'VE LOST FOUR TRUCKS THIS WEEK!

MR. WILSON! PLEASE, MR. WILSON...'

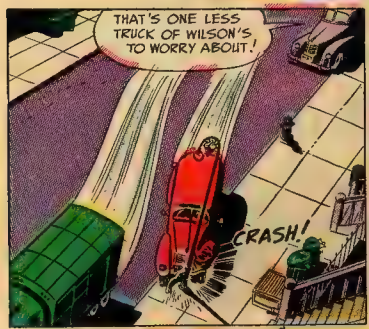
LANNY THOMAS!

MR. WILSON, DAD SAYS YOUR POLICE CAMPAIGN IS THE BIGGEST THING HE EVER SAW! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING — ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP!

PAPER STOCK


I'M SORRY, LANNY! BUT WITH YOUR MOTHER FEELING THE WAY SHE DOES, THE BEST THING YOU CAN DO IS STAY WITH HER AND CHEER HER UP! JACK- GIVE HIM A LIFT HOME!
BUT — I WANTED TO HELP—

SHORTLY...
LOOK AT THAT TRUCK!
IT'S TRYING TO FORCE ME ONTO THE SIDEWALK, OR—


THAT'S ONE LESS TRUCK OF WILSON'S, TO WORRY ABOUT!
CRASH!

THERE'S VINCE MULOC! I'LL BET HE'S RESPONSIBLE!

I BETTER CALL STEVE WILSON!
DRUGS
CLEANER

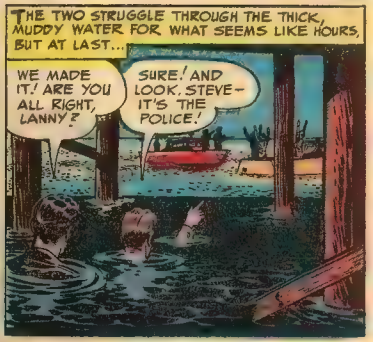
AND AS HE FRANTICALLY MAKES HIS CALL, LANNY DOESN'T NOTICE THE TWO MEN NEARING HIM STEALTHILY...
THAT'S RIGHT, STEVE! MULOC WAS WATCHING THE WHOLE THING FROM A GREY SEDAN!

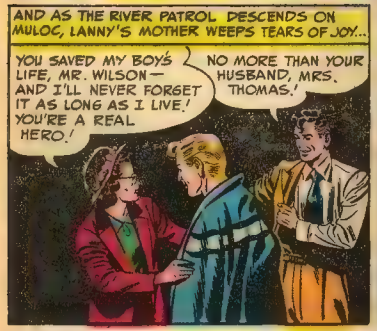
IN STEVE'S OFFICE...
HELP... IT'S... LORELEI, GET INSPECTOR CALLAHAN RIGHT AWAY! TELL HIM TO ALERT EVERY COP IN TOWN! MULOC'S CAPTURED LANNY THOMAS!

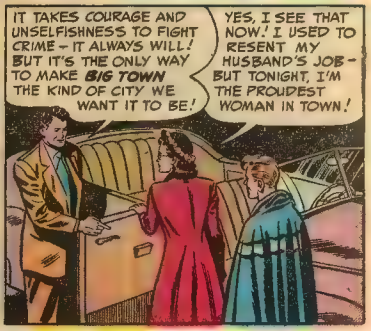
AN HOUR LATER IN POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
EVERY COP IN BIG TOWN IS LOOKING FOR LANNY—EVERY ROAD OUT OF THE CITY IS BLOCKED! IT MAY BE HOURS, BUT WE'LL GET WORD!
OH, MY BOY... MY BOY...!
INSPECTOR, I'VE A THOUSAND NEWSBOYS ALL OVER TOWN—MEN WHO HAVE STUCK WITH ME THROUGH EVERYTHING! WHY NOT ALERT THEM ABOUT MULOC?
IT'S WORTH TRYING, WILSON!
WITHIN FIVE MINUTES, THE REMAINING TRUCKS OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS ROLL OUT TO MEET THEIR MOST URGENT DEADLINE—A RACE AGAINST THE VILLAINY OF VINCE MULOC!
THOMAS! PATROLMAN THOMAS' KID! HE'S BEEN CAPTURED BY MULOC AND TWO OF HIS GANG, DRIVING A GREY SEDAN!
IT'S LANNY
I'LL KEEP MY EYES OPEN!
SO HOURS PASS—AS, THROUGH BIG TOWN, A NETWORK OF MEN WAIT TENSELY FOR MULOC'S FIRST MOVE... THEN, AT DUSK...
BIG TOWN'S TOO HOT FOR US WITH THE KID—BUT WE'LL HAVE HIM A HUNDRED MILES DOWN THE RIVER BY MORNING! ARE YOU SURE THERE'S NO COPS AROUND?
POSITIVE! JUST AN OLD NEWSIE PEDDLIN' HIS PAPERS! LET'S GO!
SAY—THOSE GUYS GETTING INTO THAT BOAT! LOOK LIKE THE BUNCH WILSON'S AFTER! LET'S SEE—THEY SAID TO PHONE HIM AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS—
AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
IT'S A NEWSIE ON WATER STREET! HE THINKS HE SAW MULOC AND THE REST GETTING INTO A SPEEDBOAT! I'LL RADIO THE RIVER PATROL AT ONCE!
AND LANNY? WHAT ABOUT MY BOY?
WE'LL DRIVE DOWN AND FIND OUT! THIS IS ONE STORY I'M COVERING MYSELF!

TEN MINUTES LATER, AT THE WATERFRONT, WILSON TRIES TO CALM THE HORRIFIED MRS. THOMAS AS SHE WATCHES THE RIVER PATROL RACE MULOC'S SPEEDBOAT FOR HER SON!
OH, HURRY- HURRY! CAN'T THEY GO ANY FASTER?
THE POLICE ARE GAINING ON MULOC EVERY MINUTE! IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!
MULOC'S TURNING TOWARD THE SHORE!
HE'S ESCAPING!
HE HAS ENOUGH OF A LEAD TO GET ASHORE BEFORE THE POLICE REACH HIM! THEN HE'LL DISAPPEAR AGAIN WITH LANNY! OUR ONE CHANCE IS TO STOP HIM AT THE WHARF!
THERE THEY ARE! BUT WHAT'S THE USE? THE TWO OF US CAN'T FIGHT MULOC!
WE'VE GOT TO TRY! THE CAR SEARCHLIGHT--IF I COULD FLASH IT IN THEIR EYES FOR JUST A MINUTE! IT'S A LONG SHOT, BUT IT MIGHT WORK!
THE SUDDEN BRILLIANT BEAM OF LIGHT BLINDS THE MEN IN THE BOAT...
HEY! WHA--!
THAT LIGHT--! CAN'T SEE--!
LANNY- JUMP! NOW'S YOUR CHANCE!
AN INSTANT LATER, WHEN MULOC'S MEN RECOVER THEIR WITS, LANNY IS GONE!
THAT BRAT! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY! HE KNOWS ENOUGH TO SEND US ALL TO JAIL!
LANNY'S GOING TO NEED SOME HELP!

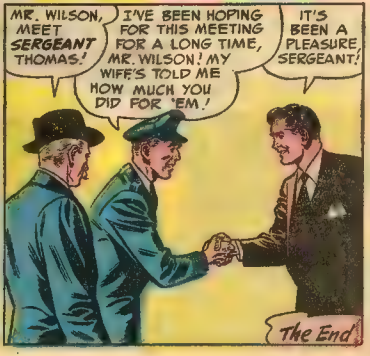
SWIFTLY SWIMMING TO LANNY, STEVE FINDS HIM FLOUNDERING...
STEVE-I-I HURT MY LEG DIVING OVER... CAN'T SWIM!
I'LL HOLD YOU! IF WE CAN MAKE IT UNDERWATER TO THE WHARF, WE'LL BE SAFE!


THE TWO STRUGGLE THROUGH THE THICK, MUDDY WATER FOR WHAT SEEMS LIKE HOURS, BUT AT LAST...
WE MADE IT! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, LANNY?
SURE! AND LOOK, STEVE - IT'S THE POLICE!


AND AS THE RIVER PATROL DESCENDS ON MULOC, LANNY'S MOTHER WEEPS TEARS OF JOY...
YOU SAVED MY BOY'S LIFE, MR. WILSON — AND I'LL NEVER FORGET IT AS LONG AS I LIVE! YOU'RE A REAL HERO!
NO MORE THAN YOUR HUSBAND, MRS. THOMAS!


IT TAKES COURAGE AND UNSELFISHNESS TO FIGHT CRIME - IT ALWAYS WILL! BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO MAKE BIG TOWN THE KIND OF CITY WE WANT IT TO BE!
YES, I SEE THAT NOW! I USED TO RESENT MY HUSBAND'S JOB - BUT TONIGHT, I'M THE PROUDEST WOMAN IN TOWN!

A WEEK LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
SO LANNY'S EVIDENCE FINALLY PUT MULOC BEHIND BARS!
THAT'S RIGHT, WILSON - AND I'VE GOT MORE GOOD NEWS! THE CITY HAS ADOPTED EVERY RECOMMENDATION YOU MADE IN YOUR POLICE CAMPAIGN! AND IN ADDITION, THEY'VE PROMOTED A VERY SPECIAL FRIEND OF YOURS!
10


MR. WILSON, MEET SERGEANT THOMAS!
I'VE BEEN HOPING FOR THIS MEETING FOR A LONG TIME, MR. WILSON! MY WIFE'S TOLD ME HOW MUCH YOU DID FOR 'EM!
IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE, SERGEANT!
The End

WE'RE LOST!
- AND NO FOOD!
I LEFT MY COMPASS HOME!
LET'S FOLLOW IT!
MY MOUTH IS GETTING DRY...
IF ONLY WE HAD SOME DUBBLE BUBBLE TO CHEW!
THIS WAY OUT
THERE'S ANOTHER SIGN!
SPESHUL GIDE AHED -
OH BOY! WE'LL BE HOME FOR SUPPER!
LOOK! IT'S PUD!
- AND HE HAS A DUBBLE BUBBLE STAND!
PUD'S OASIS GIDE SERVISE
FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE
BOY! IT'S WORTH GETTIN' LOST TO FIND DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM!
CHEW DUBBLE BUBBLE FOR FUN!
FLEER'S FUNNIES IN EVERY PIECE!
WONDERFUL FLAVOR! BIGGEST BUBBLES, TOO!
YUM!
FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM
1¢
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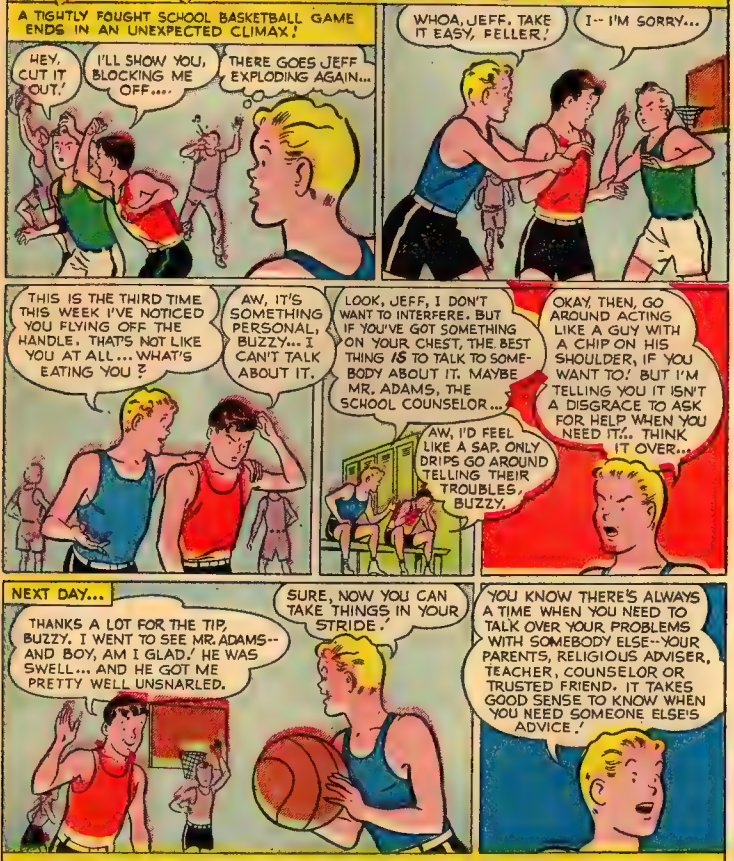
# BUZZY says "GET IT OFF YOUR CHEST!"


A TIGHTLY FOUGHT SCHOOL BASKETBALL GAME ENDS IN AN UNEXPECTED CLIMAX!
HEY, CUT IT OUT.'
I'LL SHOW YOU, BLOCKING ME OFF....
THERE GOES JEFF EXPLODING AGAIN...
WHOA, JEFF. TAKE IT EASY, FELLER.'
I-- I'M SORRY...
THIS IS THE THIRD TIME THIS WEEK I'VE NOTICED YOU FLYING OFF THE HANDLE. THAT'S NOT LIKE YOU AT ALL... WHAT'S EATING YOU?
AW, IT'S SOMETHING PERSONAL, BUZZY... I CAN'T TALK ABOUT IT.
LOOK, JEFF, I DON'T WANT TO INTERFERE. BUT IF YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING ON YOUR CHEST, THE BEST THING IS TO TALK TO SOMEBODY ABOUT IT. MAYBE MR. ADAMS, THE SCHOOL COUNSELOR...
AW, I'D FEEL LIKE A SAP. ONLY DRIPS GO AROUND TELLING THEIR TROUBLES, BUZZY.
OKAY, THEN, GO AROUND ACTING LIKE A GUY WITH A CHIP ON HIS SHOULDER, IF YOU WANT TO.' BUT I'M TELLING YOU IT ISN'T A DISGRACE TO ASK FOR HELP WHEN YOU NEED IT.. THINK IT OVER...
NEXT DAY...
THANKS A LOT FOR THE TIP, BUZZY. I WENT TO SEE MR. ADAMS-- AND BOY, AM I GLAD.' HE WAS SWELL... AND HE GOT ME PRETTY WELL UNSNARLED.
SURE, NOW YOU CAN TAKE THINGS IN YOUR STRIDE.'
YOU KNOW THERE'S ALWAYS A TIME WHEN YOU NEED TO TALK OVER YOUR PROBLEMS WITH SOMEBODY ELSE--YOUR PARENTS, RELIGIOUS ADVISER, TEACHER, COUNSELOR OR TRUSTED FRIEND. IT TAKES GOOD SENSE TO KNOW WHEN YOU NEED SOMEONE ELSE'S ADVICE.'

THIS PAGE IS PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE IN COOPERATION WITH LEADING NATIONAL SOCIAL WELFARE AND YOUTH-SERVING ORGANIZATIONS.

# Johnny Law

## HEADQUARTERS DETECTIVE

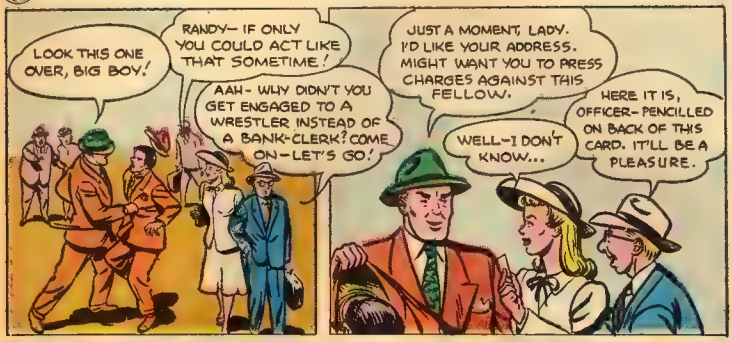
HE'S TOUGH! HE'S CONCEITED! BUT HE'S ALSO THE FASTEST THINKER AND SHREWDEST DETECTIVE ON THE FORCE—THAT'S JOHNNY LAW! AND INSPECTOR MORRISON, DESPITE HIS PERENNIAL GRUMBLING, KNOWS THAT THERE'S NO CASE TOO TOUGH FOR THE HARD-HITTING, SHARP-WITTED JOHNNY LAW— A FACT BEST PROVED BY READING THE FOLLOWING BRAIN-TWISTING TALE OF—

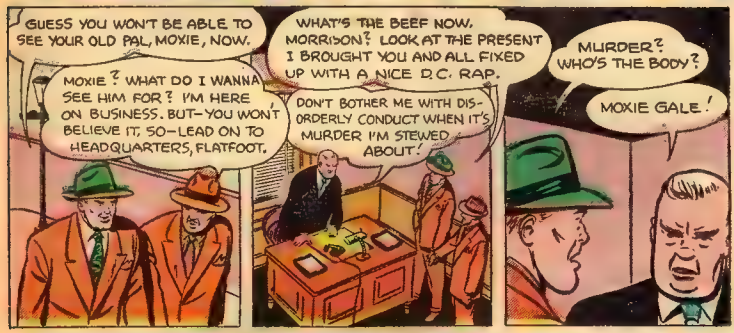
"The PERFECT ALIBI!"

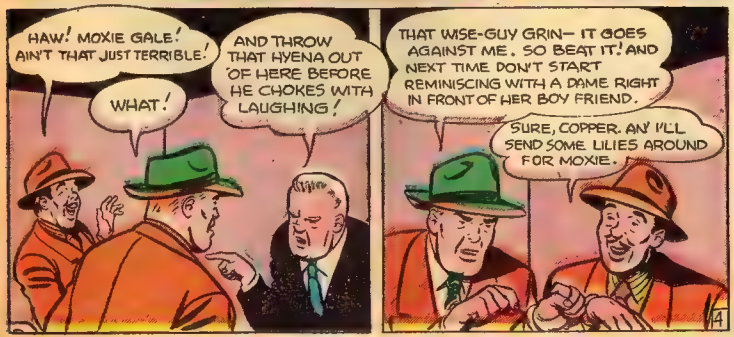
POLICE HEADQUARTERS... AS INSPECTOR MORRISON TAKES A LONG DISTANCE CALL...
SEEMS LIKE YE MIGHT HAVE KEPT HIM THERE ON SOME PRETEXT. YE KNOW HIS COMING HERE MEANS TROUBLE. AYE—ALL RIGHT. THANKS FOR THE TIP. WE'LL BE WATCHING.

WHAT'S YOUR SCOTCH BLOOD BOILING ABOUT NOW, INSPECTOR?
THERE'LL BE TROUBLE IF YE DON'T TAKE YER ILL-LOOKING CHEEK OUTTA HERE AND FIND JOHNNY LAW. WHERE IS THAT OIL-TONGUED BRAGGART?
INSIDE—HOLDING FORTH FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE PRESS ON WHAT MAKES HIM THE WORLD'S BEST DETECTIVE. WHAT'S ON THE FIRE?
PLENTY! DARBER LOKIE IS COMING TO TOWN.
—AND THE THING THAT MAKES A GOOD DETECTIVE IS OBSERVATION—ATTENTION TO SMALL DETAILS. THAT'S HOW I WORK, GENTS!
PULL IN YOUR LIP, JOHNNY. IT'S THE INSPECTOR.
WIPE THAT BLATHER FROM YER CHIN AND COME IN HERE, JOHNNY LAW!
THAT LOOK IN YOUR EYE, MORRISON—WHO'S BEEN DOING YOU DIRT?
WRIGHT CITY JUST PHONED THAT DARBER LOKIE TOOK A TRAIN FROM THERE LAST NIGHT. IT'S DUE HERE THIS MORNING. KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?
SO—DARBER'S FINALLY COMING TO PAY OFF MOXIE GALE FOR RATTING ON HIM LAST YEAR. AND WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A WIDE-OPEN GANG-WAR ON OUR HANDS!
THEN WHAT'S KEEPING YE? GET ALONG, AND WHEN DARBER COMES OFF THAT TRAIN, DINNA YE LET HIM OUT OF SIGHT A SECOND.
IT'S A BREEZE, MORRISON. I'LL HUG HIM LIKE A BAD CONSCIENCE!
SHORTLY AFTERWARD—AT THE RAILROAD TERMINAL...
OH, RANDY—HOW NICE OF YOU TO MEET ME.
WELL, WHY SHOULDN'T I MEET YOU? AREN'T WE ENGAGED?
HMM—LUCKY FELLOW—HAVING A PRETTY DOLL LIKE THAT! BUT—BETTER KEEP MY EYES PEELED FOR DARBER.

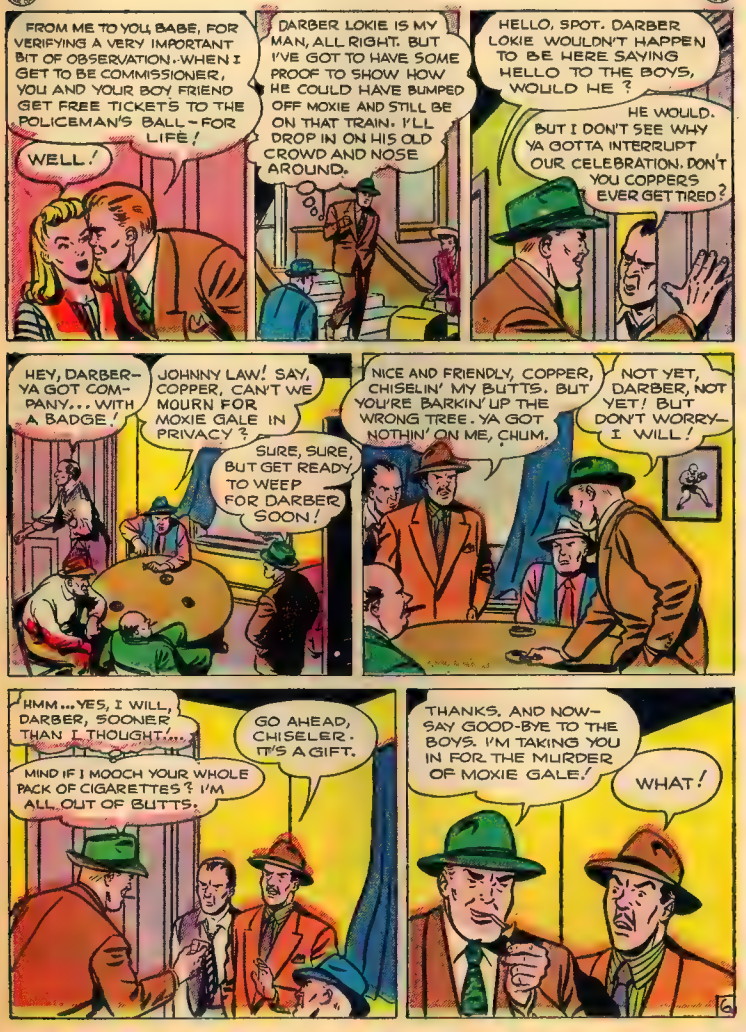
BEAUTIFUL! GORGEOUS! WHY, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE THAT WONDERFUL AFTERNOON IN WRIGHTVILLE! HOW YA BEEN?
WHY— I NEVER SAW YOU BEFORE IN MY LIFE!
IT'S DARBER--AND COMPLICATIONS!
RANDY-- STOP HIM!
NOW SEE HERE, YOU-- THAT'S MY FIANCEE AND--
HEY- WHAT KINDA BRUSH-OFF IS THIS? I DON'T GET IT, BABE!
I WON'T STAND FOR IT!
DON'T YOU TOUCH HIM!
OKAY- SO SIT DOWN!
THIS IS MY CHANCE TO YANK DARBER IN ON DISORDERLY CONDUCT AND SAVE THE TROUBLE OF WATCHING HIM!
PULL IN YOUR DUKES, HERO. THIS IS A PUBLIC PLACE!
HEY- WHO ARE YOU? THE LOCAL SIR GALAHAD? BEAT IT — BEFORE I SEND YA TO THE GLUE FACTORY!
THAT'S ENOUGH OUT OF YOU, ROSEBUD. IT'S JOHNNY LAW YOU'RE TANGLING WITH!
JOHNNY LAW! THE TOUGH COPPER, EH? WE'LL SEE--
SO— YOU WANT TO TEST THE VISIBILITY, DO YOU?
JOHN!
3

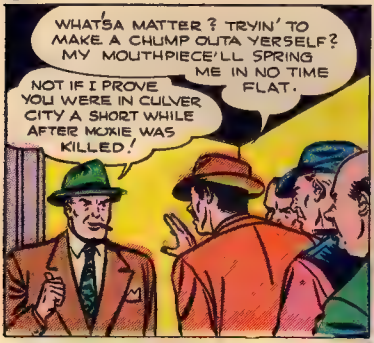

LOOK THIS ONE OVER, BIG BOY!
RANDY- IF ONLY YOU COULD ACT LIKE THAT SOMETIME!
AAH- WHY DIDN'T YOU GET ENGAGED TO A WRESTLER INSTEAD OF A BANK-CLERK? COME ON-LET'S GO!
JUST A MOMENT, LADY. I'D LIKE YOUR ADDRESS. MIGHT WANT YOU TO PRESS CHARGES AGAINST THIS FELLOW.
WELL-I DON'T KNOW...
HERE IT IS, OFFICER- PENCILLED ON BACK OF THIS CARD. IT'LL BE A PLEASURE.


GUESS YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE YOUR OLD PAL, MOXIE, NOW.
MOXIE? WHAT DO I WANNA SEE HIM FOR? I'M HERE ON BUSINESS. BUT-YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT, SO-LEAD ON TO HEADQUARTERS, FLATFOOT.
WHAT'S THE BEEF NOW, MORRISON? LOOK AT THE PRESENT I BROUGHT YOU AND ALL FIXED UP WITH A NICE D.C. RAP.
DON'T BOTHER ME WITH DISORDERLY CONDUCT WHEN IT'S MURDER I'M STEWED ABOUT!
MURDER? WHO'S THE BODY?
MOXIE GALE!


HAW! MOXIE GALE! AIN'T THAT JUST TERRIBLE!
WHAT!
AND THROW THAT HYENA OUT OF HERE BEFORE HE CHOKES WITH LAUGHING!
THAT WISE-GUY GRIN- IT GOES AGAINST ME. SO BEAT IT! AND NEXT TIME DON'T START REMINISCING WITH A DAME RIGHT IN FRONT OF HER BOY FRIEND.
SURE, COPPER. AN' I'LL SEND SOME LILIES AROUND FOR MOXIE.

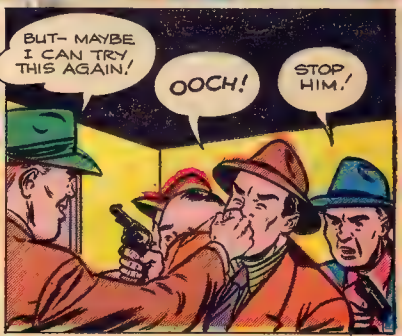
MOXIE WAS FOUND IN HIS ROOM- SIX SLUGS. CORONER SAYS HE GOT IT THREE HOURS AGO.
WRIGHTVILLE COPS SAW DARBER HOP HIS TRAIN 12 HOURS AGO. I SAW HIM GET OFF A HALF HOUR AGO.
WHY MUST MY LIFE BE SO COMPLICATED? WHY DON'T I RETIRE AND LIVE IN THE COUNTRY?
YEAH- IT KILLS ME THE WAY DARBER LAUGHED IN OUR FACES.
WHAT AN ALIBI! COULDN'T PLAN IT BETTER IF HE TRIED. PLAN—? SAY!
YE KEN SOMETHIN', JOHNNY? WHAT GOES NOW?
DON'T KNOW. ONE WHACKY ANGLE JUST CAME TO ME. CALL IT A KIND OF DELAYED OBSERVATION. A SMALL DETAIL— BUT IMPORTANT, MAYBE.
SOMETIME LATER...
THIS IS IT. AND IF GORGEOUS COMES THROUGH, I'M GOING TO GIVE MYSELF A MEDAL FOR BEING A GENIUS.
HELLO, BEAUTIFUL. HATE DOING IT, BUT BECAUSE OF POLICE BUSINESS CONCERNING YOUR FRIEND, DARBER, I MUST TALK TO YOU ABOUT HIM.
OH—YOU! DARBER? IS HE THAT AWFUL PERSON WHO ANNOYED ME AT THE STATION?
I'D BE GLAD TO HELP YOU— BUT, REALLY— I NEVER SAW THAT MAN BEFORE IN MY LIFE!
THANKS, SISTER YOU'VE TOLD ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW. YOU COULDN'T BE ACTING! NOT THAT GOOD!


FROM ME TO YOU, BABE, FOR VERIFYING A VERY IMPORTANT BIT OF OBSERVATION.-WHEN I GET TO BE COMMISSIONER, YOU AND YOUR BOY FRIEND GET FREE TICKETS TO THE POLICEMAN'S BALL-FOR LIFE!
WELL!
DARBER LOKIE IS MY MAN, ALL RIGHT. BUT I'VE GOT TO HAVE SOME PROOF TO SHOW HOW HE COULD HAVE BUMPED OFF MOXIE AND STILL BE ON THAT TRAIN. I'LL DROP IN ON HIS OLD CROWD AND NOSE AROUND.
HELLO, SPOT. DARBER LOKIE WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO BE HERE SAYING HELLO TO THE BOYS, WOULD HE?
HE WOULD. BUT I DON'T SEE WHY YA GOTTA INTERRUPT OUR CELEBRATION. DON'T YOU COPPERS EVER GET TIRED?
HEY, DARBER-YA GOT COMPANY... WITH A BADGE!
JOHNNY LAW! SAY, COPPER, CAN'T WE MOURN FOR MOXIE GALE IN PRIVACY?
SURE, SURE, BUT GET READY TO WEEP FOR DARBER SOON!
NICE AND FRIENDLY, COPPER, CHISELIN' MY BUTTS. BUT YOU'RE BARKIN' UP THE WRONG TREE. YA GOT NOTHIN' ON ME, CHUM.
NOT YET, DARBER, NOT YET! BUT DON'T WORRY-I WILL!
HMM... YES, I WILL, DARBER, SOONER THAN I THOUGHT!...
GO AHEAD, CHISELER. IT'S A GIFT.
MIND IF I MOOCH YOUR WHOLE PACK OF CIGARETTES? I'M ALL OUT OF BUTTS.
THANKS. AND NOW-SAY GOOD-BYE TO THE BOYS. I'M TAKING YOU IN FOR THE MURDER OF MOXIE GALE!
WHAT!


WHAT'SA MATTER? TRYIN' TO MAKE A CHUMP OUTA YERSELF? MY MOUTHPIECE'LL SPRING ME IN NO TIME FLAT.
NOT IF I PROVE YOU WERE IN CULVER CITY A SHORT WHILE AFTER MOXIE WAS KILLED!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? IT'S A LIE! I COULDN'T HAVE BEEN! I WAS ON THAT TRAIN!
I SAID I CAN PROVE IT, DARBER. SO-COME ALONG.

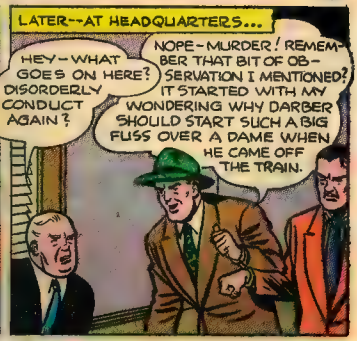
YOU AIN'T GONNA PROVE NOTHIN'-NOTHIN' EXCEPT THAT OLD ONE ABOUT DEAD COPPERS TELLIN' NO TALES!
UH-UH! SOMETIMES I THINK I TALK TOO MUCH!

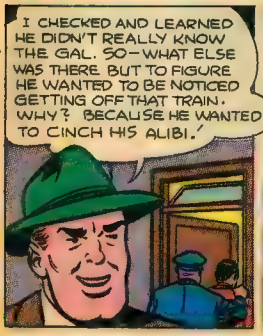

BUT- MAYBE I CAN TRY THIS AGAIN!
OOCH!
STOP HIM!

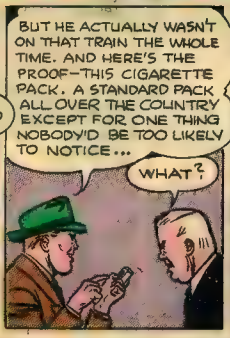
HERE, THIS WAY, DARBER! I CAN USE YOUR HELP!
BLAST YOU- I'LL—
AWK!

I OWE THIS ONE TO MY PAL, CAPTAIN KADOKAMI ON THE HONOLULU POLICE FORCE. TOOK ME A WEEK TO LEARN IT.
GET HIM, YA HALF-WITS!

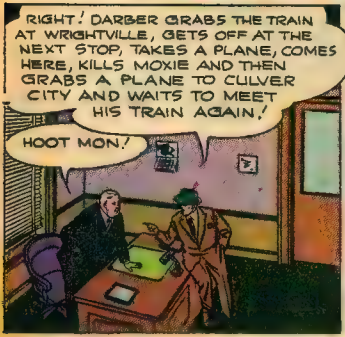
CALL THEM OFF, DARBER--YOU EITHER COME WITH ME THIS WAY—OR WE BOTH GO—FEET FIRST!
DROP IT, GUYS! DON'T—DON'T SHOOT!

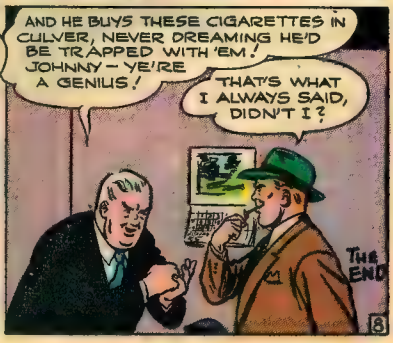

LATER--AT HEADQUARTERS...
HEY—WHAT GOES ON HERE? DISORDERLY CONDUCT AGAIN?
NOPE—MURDER! REMEMBER THAT BIT OF OBSERVATION I MENTIONED? IT STARTED WITH MY WONDERING WHY DARBER SHOULD START SUCH A BIG FUSS OVER A DAME WHEN HE CAME OFF THE TRAIN.


I CHECKED AND LEARNED HE DIDN'T REALLY KNOW THE GAL. SO—WHAT ELSE WAS THERE BUT TO FIGURE HE WANTED TO BE NOTICED GETTING OFF THAT TRAIN. WHY? BECAUSE HE WANTED TO CINCH HIS ALIBI.


BUT HE ACTUALLY WASN'T ON THAT TRAIN THE WHOLE TIME. AND HERE'S THE PROOF—THIS CIGARETTE PACK. A STANDARD PACK ALL OVER THE COUNTRY EXCEPT FOR ONE THING NOBODY'D BE TOO LIKELY TO NOTICE...
WHAT?

A CULVER CITY SALES TAX STAMP. DARBER MUST HAVE BEEN THERE—AND CULVER IS JUST ONE TRAIN STOP BEFORE THIS TOWN ON THE WAY FROM WRIGHTVILLE!
I GET IT, JOHNNY. THERE'S AN AIRPORT IN CULVER!


RIGHT! DARBER GRABS THE TRAIN AT WRIGHTVILLE, GETS OFF AT THE NEXT STOP, TAKES A PLANE, COMES HERE, KILLS MOXIE AND THEN GRABS A PLANE TO CULVER CITY AND WAITS TO MEET HIS TRAIN AGAIN!
HOOT MON!


AND HE BUYS THESE CIGARETTES IN CULVER, NEVER DREAMING HE'D BE TRAPPED WITH 'EM! JOHNNY—YE'RE A GENIUS!
THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS SAID, DIDN'T I?
THE END

# SOCIETY PHOTOG

TONY SARNO

FOR 23 YEARS HANDSOME TONY SARNO HAS BEEN SCOOPING THE FIELD WITH NEWS PHOTOGRAPHS OF SOCIETY—ALL BECAUSE THE LADS AND LASSES OF THE INTERNATIONAL SET ARE FOND OF HIM. TONY IS ONE OF FIVE BROTHERS, ALL FAMOUS AS NEW YORK NEWS-CAMERAMEN.

TONY WAS THE ONLY CAMERAMAN INVITED TO MURIEL VANDERBILT'S WEDDING AND GOT MANY EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS OF THE ASTORS.

MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR

MRS. GRAHAM FAIR VANDERBILT SENT FOR TONY WHEN HER SON WAS KILLED IN AN AUTO ACCIDENT. ALL OTHER NEWSMEN WERE EXCLUDED.

ONE OF MY SAD ASSIGNMENTS.

WHEN ENZO FIERMONTE, A PRIZE FIGHTER, MARRIED MRS. ASTOR DICK, THERE WERE NO PHOTOS OF THE TWO TOGETHER. TONY CAUGHT THEM IN FLORIDA. ENZO THREW A PUNCH. TONY CALMLY HIT HIM OVER THE HEAD WITH HIS CASE AND THE FIGHTER POSED!

MAYBE THIS WILL COOL YOU OFF!

HI-YA, PRINCE.

HI, TONY!

A GREAT FRIEND OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, NOW THE DUKE OF WINDSOR, TONY IS OFTEN THE ONLY NEWSMAN INVITED TO VISIT THE DUKE WHEN HE VISITS AMERICA!

ONE OF HIS SOCIETY PALS INVENTED A "BULLET PROOF" GLASS. IT HAD NEVER BEEN TESTED. TONY GOT BEHIND THE GLASS TO GET A PHOTO. THE GLASS DIDN'T STAND THE TEST.....

WOW!

....THE FIRST SHOT KNOCKED HIS HAT OFF!


ADVERTISEMENT

CHARLIE WILD IN A TRAIN ACCIDENT!

WHAT HAPPENED?

THE FIREMAN THREW ON A SHOVELFUL OF COAL AND THE BOILER EXPLODED! LOOKS LIKE SABOTAGE!

I'M THE RAILROAD DETECTIVE THIS AIN'T SABOTAGE- JUST A DEFECTIVE BOILER.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, CHARLIE- HE'S THE LAW!

CHARLIE-HOW DID YOU KNOW HE WASN'T A REAL DETECTIVE?

SIMPLE! A DETECTIVE NEVER WEARS HIS BADGE ON HIS COAT! BESIDES, HIS HAIR IS SLOPPY! A GOOD DETECTIVE IS ALWAYS NEAT-ALWAYS USES WILDROOT CREAM-OIL!

WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC

GROOMS THE HAIR

RELIEVES DRYNESS

REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

WILDROOT CO., INC.

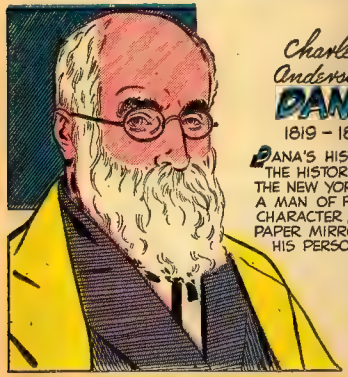
Can your scalp pass the F.N. TEST?

1. SCRATCH YOUR HEAD. 2. IF YOU FIND SIGNS OF DRYNESS OR LOOSE UGLY DANDRUFF...3. GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC. IT'S NON-ALCOHOLIC AND CONTAINS LANOLIN. GET IT TODAY IN THE BOTTLE OR HANDY TUBE - ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

AS LITTLE AS 29¢

# HEADLINE HEROES



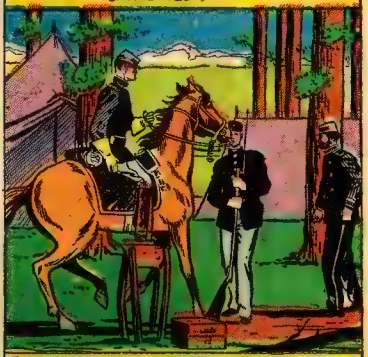
Charles Anderson DANA
1819 – 1897

DANA'S HISTORY IS THE HISTORY OF THE NEW YORK **SUN**. A MAN OF FORCIBLE CHARACTER, HIS PAPER MIRRORED HIS PERSONALITY.

IN 1847, HORACE GREELY BROUGHT DANA TO NEW YORK AS CITY EDITOR OF THE **TRIBUNE**, A POSITION HE CAPABLY FILLED FOR THE NEXT FIFTEEN YEARS.

BECAUSE OF STRONG DIFFERENCES OF OPINION WITH GREELY, DANA RESIGNED AND SOON AFTER ACCEPTED A POST IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT. IN 1863, HE WAS APPOINTED ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR IN PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S CABINET.

DANA SERVED AS A SPECIAL COMMISSIONER AT GENERAL GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS, WHERE HE REPORTED DAILY ON MILITARY OPERATIONS. HE PLAYED A MAJOR ROLE IN ENABLING THE ADMINISTRATION TO MEASURE ACCURATELY GRANT'S CAPACITIES.



AFTER THE CIVIL WAR, DANA PURCHASED THE NEW YORK **SUN** AND UNDER HIS SUPERVISION IT BECAME SUCH A LIVE, WITTY AND SPARKLING PAPER, THAT IT WAS REFERRED TO AS "THE NEWSPAPER MAN'S NEWSPAPER"!

# CUSTER'S LAST FIGHT

"THIS is going to be my last fight, Daley . . . and then I'm finished."

Daley almost choked on his morning coffee as his incredulous eyes focussed upon the smiling giant across the table. "You're going to *what?*"

"Retire, I believe, is the word."

"But you can't do—"

"I can! I've saved enough money to buy the dude ranch I've always wanted. I'll be able to make a decent living without ending up punch-drunk and walking on my heels. My mind's made up."

"Hey! What about *me?*"

Young Custer looked at his manager with manifest surprise. "Why, you'll get yourself another boy. At that, you won't even have to hurry. After all, you did get one-third of my earnings right off the top, which is more than other—"

"Yeah, I know," Daley interrupted hastily. "Of course I got you matches nobody else could . . ." But he didn't continue. Young Custer had a peculiar look in his eye that prevented Daley from further self praise.

Not that the young prizefighter ever would suspect that he, Daley, really wasn't necessary . . . and he wasn't. The kid was dumb. He had to be to give up a third of his earnings.

As the saying goes, Daley had been flat—really flat—on his back when he'd run across Young Custer in the out of the way gym. One glance at the stalwart lad had told him all he wanted. Each lithe, faultless movement spelled out class. The kid hadn't even wanted to be a fighter—had laughingly explained he was just fooling around for the exercise—but Daly had fast-talked him.

Another session of pleading with the matchmaker of a small club who held some of his I.O.U.'s . . . and the rest was ring history.

Everybody and anybody clamored for Young Custer. More offers came in than could be handled. And Daley rode the gravey train. Didn't that prove the kid was dumb?

So ran Daley's thoughts as he rode across town to where Bombshell Burke was training for his match with Young Custer.

A half hour later he was closeted with Bombshell and his manager. "It'll be a cinch, I tell you. We'll all clean up—make a sure killing."

"How you figure it, Daley?"

"Nothing the commissioner will notice. My boy will come in healthy. But, between rounds when he gargles . . ."

"I get it," said Bombshell's manager. "Stuff that'll slow him up for us."

"Yeah—and here are my six lucky quarters," said Daley extracting the coins. "If you slip 'em between Bombshell's big fingers before you tape his hands, the referee won't feel them—but Young Custer *will!*"

"Lucky coins, huh? Gimme." Bombshell's paw closed about the coins.

The next few days were spent by Daley in placing scattered bets through intermediaries so that his own name wouldn't be out in the open. Every cent he had went into betting *against* Young Custer. There wasn't too much left at that, of the huge amounts he'd made off his dumb meal ticket. Gambling and other forms of foolishness had taken most of his easy money. However, he silently gloated, with the odds he was getting he would recoup better than plenty.

You're smart, Daley, he exulted as he followed the robed form of Young Custer down the aisle of the arena on fight night. He smiled inwardly as he looked at the water bucket he carried and its precious contents . . . the contents that would slow up his man.

Bombshell Burke came out fast at the bell, patently confident. He threw a long left that Custer slid inside and they pummeled each other at close quarters.

At the end of the round, Daley's fighter had generous welts along his ribs. "Burke's developed quite a punch since I fought him last," commented Young Custer. "Both hands, in fact."

Daley grinned as he offered the water bottle. It was pushed away. "Thanks. I don't want any."

Before Daley could speak, the bell announced the second round. Every time Bombshell connected, Custer winced. Daley's boy was absorbing a beating.

Then it happened. Supremely confident of victory, Bombshell threw a long careless right. Like a flash, Young Custer took advantage of his opportunity. His both hands took turns digging into his opponent's stomach.

The human body can take just so much punishment and, as the crowd roared, Bombshell dropped his guard to protect his stomach. Then Young Custer's fists machine-gunned against the target he wanted . . . Bombshell's chin.

The referee droned out his count—but Bombshell had clearly lost interest in *all* proceedings.

In his corner, Young Custer spoke to Daley. "My last fight, but I didn't take it the easy way. I took a bad beating, Daley—but I wanted to win. I guess I must be awfully dumb."

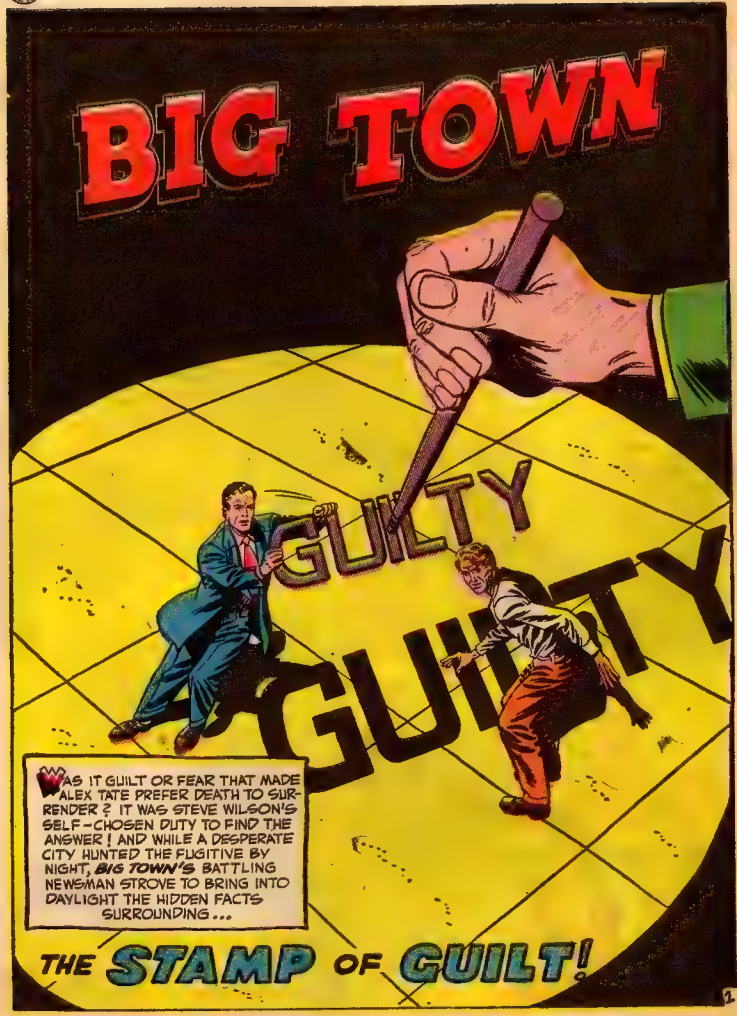
Daley looked into the fighter's eyes. What he saw there made him back away. Too late he saw that he'd underjudged badly . . . the same mistake made by Bombshell.

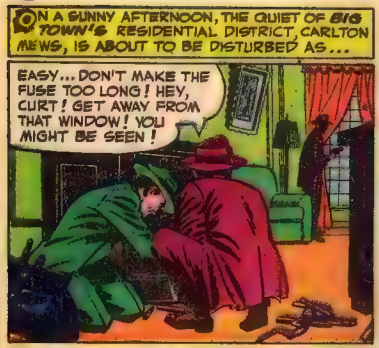
And, thinking of Bombshell, Daley scurried to the beaten gladiator's dressing room. Daley wanted his six lucky quarters—he *needed* them. They were all he had left, the rest of his money having gone down the betting drain.

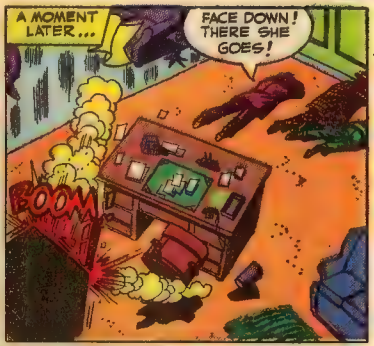
He entered the defeated man's room and stuck out his hand. "Tough luck," he consoled, "and now hand over my quarters."

"Glad to," the other said—and swung.

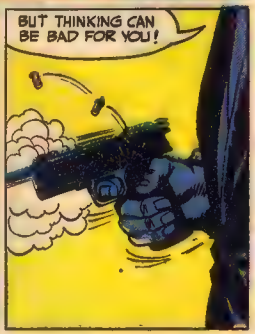
Daley awoke some time later. The dressing room was empty . . . as his pockets continued to be. He was flat on *his back . . . right back where he'd started from!*


BIG TOWN
GUILTY
GUILTY
WAS IT GUILT OR FEAR THAT MADE ALEX TATE PREFER DEATH TO SURRENDER? IT WAS STEVE WILSON'S SELF-CHOSEN DUTY TO FIND THE ANSWER! AND WHILE A DESPERATE CITY HUNTED THE FUGITIVE BY NIGHT, BIG TOWN'S BATTLING NEWSMAN STROVE TO BRING INTO DAYLIGHT THE HIDDEN FACTS SURROUNDING...
THE STAMP OF GUILT!

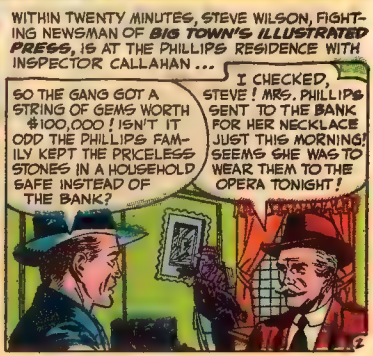

ON A SUNNY AFTERNOON, THE QUIET OF BIG TOWN'S RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT, CARLTON MEWS, IS ABOUT TO BE DISTURBED AS ...
EASY... DON'T MAKE THE FUSE TOO LONG! HEY, CURT! GET AWAY FROM THAT WINDOW! YOU MIGHT BE SEEN!

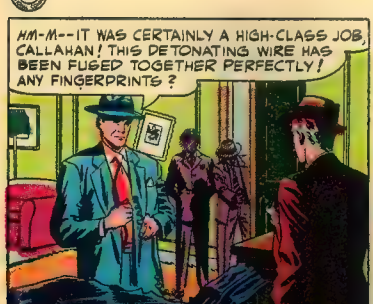

A MOMENT LATER...
FACE DOWN! THERE SHE GOES!
BOOM

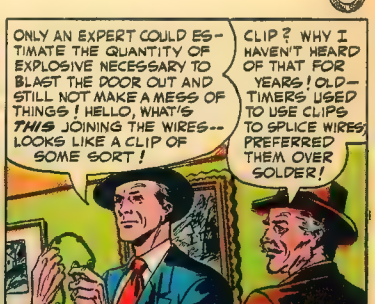
FIVE MINUTES LATER, AN ILL-FATED POSTMAN IS ABOUT TO MAKE A DELIVERY AT THE HOME OF MRS. JANICE PHILLIPS WHEN ...
SPECIAL DELIVERY--OH-?! CROOKS!
FAST THINKING, MAILMAN!


BUT THINKING CAN BE BAD FOR YOU!

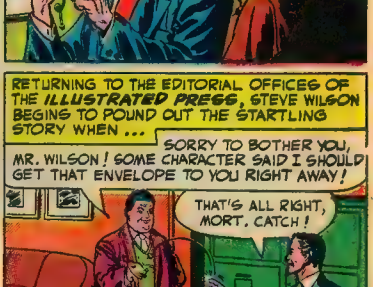
OUTSIDE, THE CRIMINALS HURRY INTO A WAITING CAR ...
TAKE YOUR PHOTO?
THOSE MEN--THEY LOOK SUSPICIOUS--THEY CAME FROM THE PHILLIPS HOME! I'M CALLING THE POLICE!

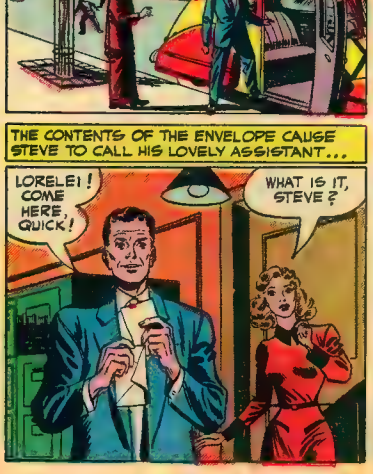

WITHIN TWENTY MINUTES, STEVE WILSON, FIGHTING NEWSMAN OF BIG TOWN'S ILLUSTRATED PRESS, IS AT THE PHILLIPS RESIDENCE WITH INSPECTOR CALLAHAN ...
SO THE GANG GOT A STRING OF GEMS WORTH $100,000! ISN'T IT ODD THE PHILLIPS FAMILY KEPT THE PRICELESS STONES IN A HOUSEHOLD SAFE INSTEAD OF THE BANK?
I CHECKED, STEVE! MRS. PHILLIPS SENT TO THE BANK FOR HER NECKLACE JUST THIS MORNING! SEEMS SHE WAS TO WEAR THEM TO THE OPERA TONIGHT!


HM-M--IT WAS CERTAINLY A HIGH-CLASS JOB, CALLAHAN! THIS DETONATING WIRE HAS BEEN FUSED TOGETHER PERFECTLY! ANY FINGERPRINTS?

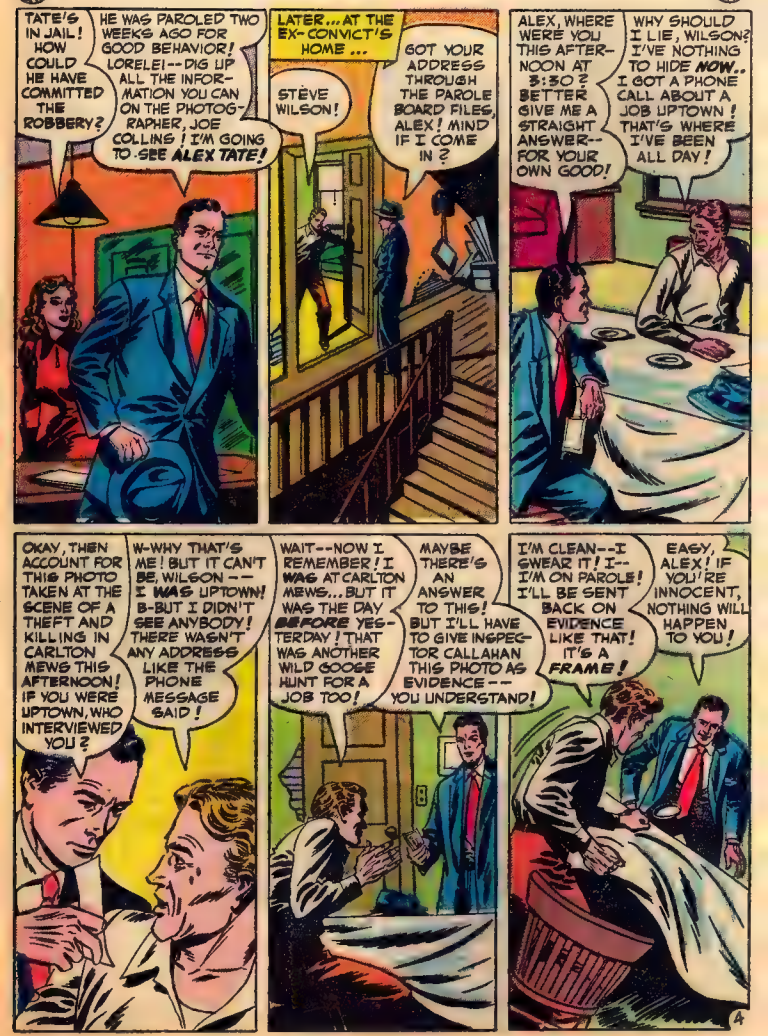

ONLY AN EXPERT COULD ESTIMATE THE QUANTITY OF EXPLOSIVE NECESSARY TO BLAST THE DOOR OUT AND STILL NOT MAKE A MESS OF THINGS! HELLO, WHAT'S THIS JOINING THE WIRES--LOOKS LIKE A CLIP OF SOME SORT!
CLIP? WHY I HAVEN'T HEARD OF THAT FOR YEARS! OLD-TIMERS USED TO USE CLIPS TO SPLICE WIRES, PREFERRED THEM OVER SOLDER!

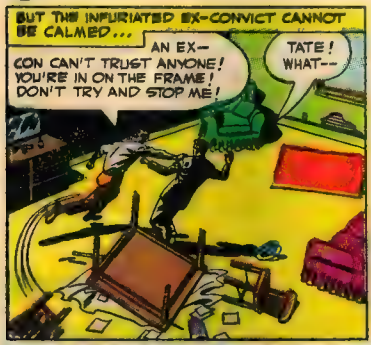
AS STEVE AND CALLAHAN LEAVE...
I'LL CHECK THE RECORDS AT HEADQUARTERS, STEVE! AN EXPERT SAFECRACKER WHO PREFERS THE CLIP TECHNIQUE IS A RARITY THESE DAYS!
ANOTHER OF THE CRIMINAL'S CHARACTERISTICS WILL BE AN ITCHY TRIGGER FINGER. THAT UNFORTUNATE POSTMAN DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE!

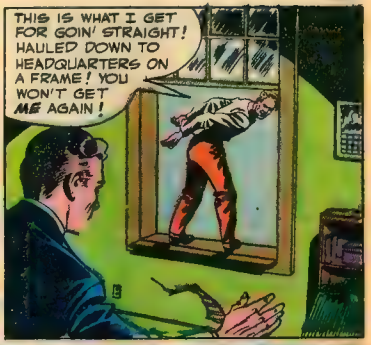

RETURNING TO THE EDITORIAL OFFICES OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS, STEVE WILSON BEGINS TO POUND OUT THE STARTLING STORY WHEN...
SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, MR. WILSON! SOME CHARACTER SAID I SHOULD GET THAT ENVELOPE TO YOU RIGHT AWAY!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MORT. CATCH!

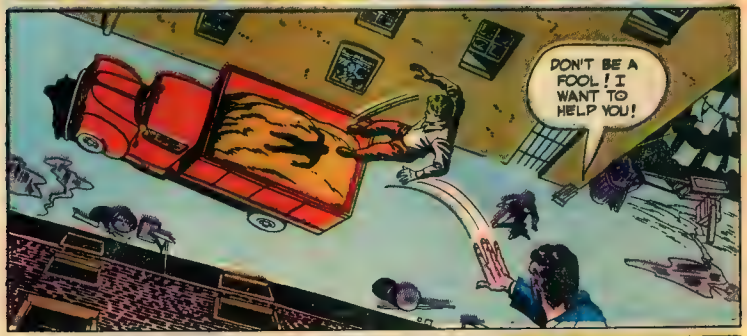

THE CONTENTS OF THE ENVELOPE CAUSE STEVE TO CALL HIS LOVELY ASSISTANT...
LORELEI! COME HERE, QUICK!
WHAT IS IT, STEVE?

LORELEI! THAT'S A PICTURE OF ALEX TATE! HE'S THE MASTER JEWEL THIEF WE HELPED CONVICT OVER TWO YEARS AGO!
I'M A SIDEWALK PHOTOGRAPHER AND GOT THIS SHOT OF A GUY ENTERING THE PHILLIPS APARTMENT JUST BEFORE THE ROBBERY AND KILLING! ARE YOU INTERESTED?
Joe Collins
13

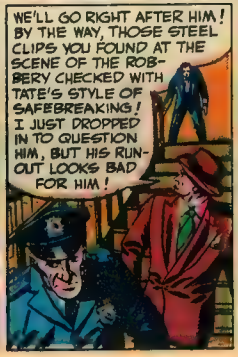

TATE'S IN JAIL! HOW COULD HE HAVE COMMITTED THE ROBBERY?
HE WAS PAROLED TWO WEEKS AGO FOR GOOD BEHAVIOR! LORELEI--DIG UP ALL THE INFORMATION YOU CAN ON THE PHOTOGRAPHER, JOE COLLINS! I'M GOING TO SEE ALEX TATE!
LATER... AT THE EX-CONVICT'S HOME ...
STEVE WILSON!
GOT YOUR ADDRESS THROUGH THE PAROLE BOARD FILES, ALEX! MIND IF I COME IN?
ALEX, WHERE WERE YOU THIS AFTERNOON AT 3:30? BETTER GIVE ME A STRAIGHT ANSWER--FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!
WHY SHOULD I LIE, WILSON? I'VE NOTHING TO HIDE NOW.. I GOT A PHONE CALL ABOUT A JOB UPTOWN! THAT'S WHERE I'VE BEEN ALL DAY!
OKAY, THEN ACCOUNT FOR THIS PHOTO TAKEN AT THE SCENE OF A THEFT AND KILLING IN CARLTON MEWS THIS AFTERNOON! IF YOU WERE UPTOWN, WHO INTERVIEWED YOU?
W-WHY THAT'S ME! BUT IT CAN'T BE, WILSON -- I WAS UPTOWN! B-BUT I DIDN'T SEE ANYBODY! THERE WASN'T ANY ADDRESS LIKE THE PHONE MESSAGE SAID!
WAIT--NOW I REMEMBER! I WAS AT CARLTON MEWS... BUT IT WAS THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY! THAT WAS ANOTHER WILD GOOSE HUNT FOR A JOB TOO!
MAYBE THERE'S AN ANSWER TO THIS! BUT I'LL HAVE TO GIVE INSPECTOR CALLAHAN THIS PHOTO AS EVIDENCE -- YOU UNDERSTAND!
I'M CLEAN--I SWEAR IT! I--I'M ON PAROLE! I'LL BE SENT BACK ON EVIDENCE LIKE THAT! IT'S A FRAME!
EASY, ALEX! IF YOU'RE INNOCENT, NOTHING WILL HAPPEN TO YOU!
4

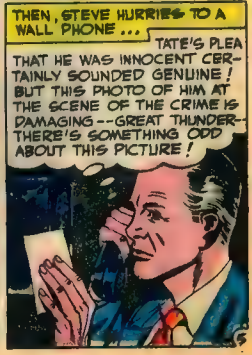

BUT THE INFURIATED EX-CONVICT CANNOT BE CALMED...
AN EX-CON CAN'T TRUST ANYONE! YOU'RE IN ON THE FRAME! DON'T TRY AND STOP ME!
TATE! WHAT--


THIS IS WHAT I GET FOR GOIN' STRAIGHT! HAULED DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS ON A FRAME! YOU WON'T GET ME AGAIN!


DON'T BE A FOOL! I WANT TO HELP YOU!

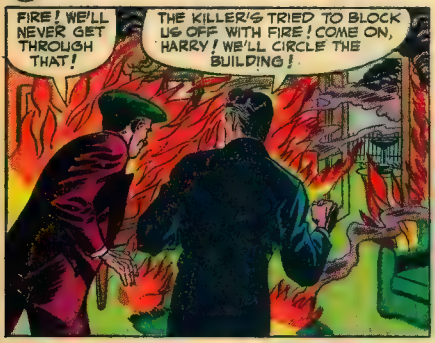
STEVE! WHERE'S TATE?
HE JUST JUMPED INTO A TRUCK MOVING OUT OF THE BACKYARD!

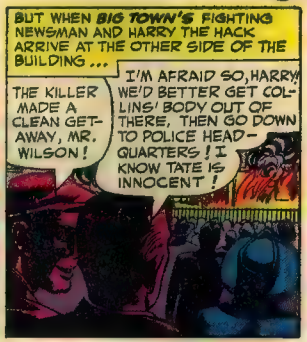

WE'LL GO RIGHT AFTER HIM! BY THE WAY, THOSE STEEL CLIPS YOU FOUND AT THE SCENE OF THE ROBBERY CHECKED WITH TATE'S STYLE OF SAFEBREAKING! I JUST DROPPED IN TO QUESTION HIM, BUT HIS RUN-OUT LOOKS BAD FOR HIM!

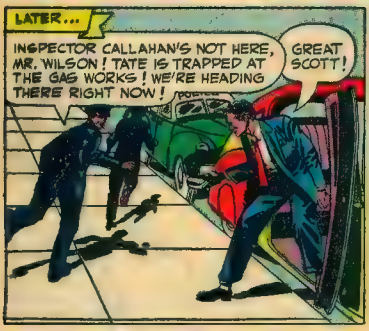

THEN, STEVE HURRIES TO A WALL PHONE...
TATE'S PLEA THAT HE WAS INNOCENT CERTAINLY SOUNDED GENUINE! BUT THIS PHOTO OF HIM AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME IS DAMAGING--GREAT THUNDER--THERE'S SOMETHING ODD ABOUT THIS PICTURE!

STEVE CALLS HIS LOVELY ASSISTANT...
LORELEI? STEVE! DID YOU GET ANYTHING ON JOE COLLINS, THE SIDEWALK PHOTOGRAPHER WHO SENT ME TATE'S PICTURE?
YES, STEVE! HE LIVES AT 452 LARTON STREET. BASEMENT APARTMENT! HE'S BEEN A LICENSED PHOTOGRAPHER FOR ONLY TWO MONTHS!
RACING OUTSIDE, THE FIGHTING NEWSMAN HAILS HIS HACKIE DRIVER...
TWO MONTHS! THE TIME TATE HAS BEEN OUT ON PAROLE!
HARRY! 452 LARTON STREET!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
I RECOGNIZE YOU! YOU'RE STEVE WILSON! I'M JOE COLLINS--GOT MY NOTE, HUH?
KEEP OUT
AND PICTURE!
WHY DID YOU SEND ME EVIDENCE TO CONVICT TATE?
HE CHEATED ME YEARS BACK!
WELL, YOU'RE GOING ABOUT AN ODD WAY TO GET EVEN! YESTERDAY, I NOTICED THERE WASN'T A LEAF ON THE TREE OUTSIDE THE PHILLIPS PLACE! BUT IN THIS PHOTO YOU SUPPOSEDLY TOOK OF TATE THEN, THE TREE IS FULL OF LEAVES! WHAT HAPPENED?
I...ER... T-THEY MUST HAVE BLOWN OFF!
100% RIGHT, COLLINS! THEY DID BLOW OFF! THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY! THE DAY OF THE HURRICANE! THAT'S WHEN YOU ACTUALLY TOOK TATE'S PICTURE--THE DAY BEFORE THE JEWEL THEFT! AND A PHONEY CALL TO TATE, ON THE PRETENSE OF OFFERING HIM A JOB AT A CARLTON MEWS ADDRESS, GOT HIM TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME!
YOU'RE CRAZY!

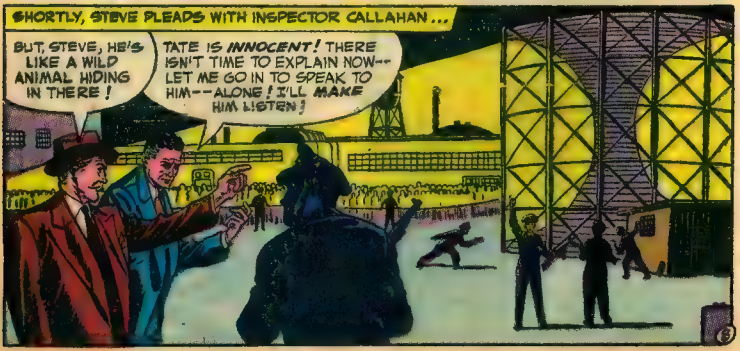
AS THE BATTLING NEWSMAN CONTINUES, COLLINS' HAND DARTS TOWARD A DRAWER...
...BUT YOU DIDN'T FIGURE ON THE BIG WIND STORM WE HAD THE NIGHT BEFORE THE CRIME, DID YOU, COLLINS? YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGH--BECAUSE IT'S GOING TO RUIN YOUR FRAME ON TATE AND HANG YOU!
NOT BEFORE I DRILL YOU!
GUESS AGAIN, COLLINS!
BAM!
BAM!
YOU'RE IT, COLLINS! BUT YOU'RE NOT SMART ENOUGH TO RUN THE SHOW--WHO'S BEHIND THIS JOB? START TALKING!
NO! NO!
ALL RIGHT, HAVE IT YOUR WAY! ANYONE WHO CAN KILL AN INNOCENT CITIZEN AND FRAME A MAN WHO'S TRYING TO LIVE HONESTLY DESERVES NO PITY!
WAIT--WAIT--I'LL TALK!
COLLINS WON'T EVER TALK AGAIN!
BANG!
BAM!
THE NEXT INSTANT...
MR. WILSON--THOSE SHOTS? WHAT'S UP!
FOLLOW ME, HARRY!


FIRE! WE'LL NEVER GET THROUGH THAT!
THE KILLER'S TRIED TO BLOCK US OFF WITH FIRE! COME ON, HARRY! WE'LL CIRCLE THE BUILDING!

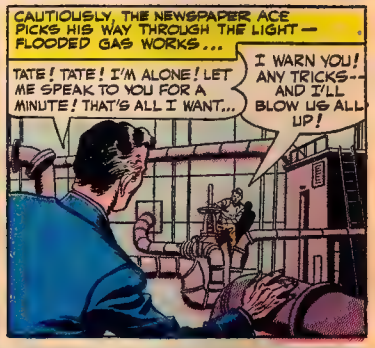

BUT WHEN BIG TOWN'S FIGHTING NEWSMAN AND HARRY THE HACK ARRIVE AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BUILDING...
THE KILLER MADE A CLEAN GET-AWAY, MR. WILSON!
I'M AFRAID SO, HARRY! WE'D BETTER GET COLLINS' BODY OUT OF THERE, THEN GO DOWN TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS! I KNOW TATE IS INNOCENT!

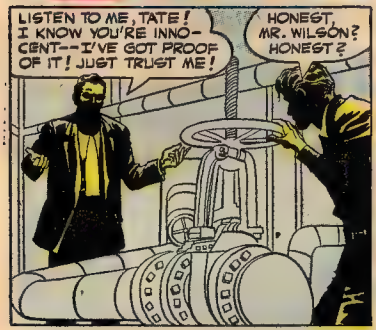

LATER...
INSPECTOR CALLAHAN'S NOT HERE, MR. WILSON! TATE IS TRAPPED AT THE GAS WORKS! WE'RE HEADING THERE RIGHT NOW!
GREAT SCOTT!

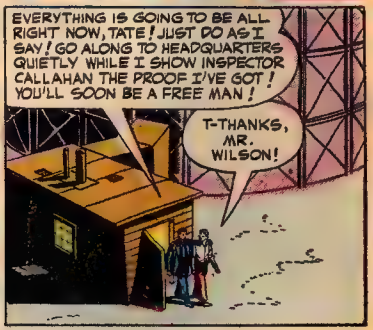
STEVE FOLLOWS THE POLICE TO THE GAS WORKS...
STEP ON IT, HARRY! IF TATE SHOULD DO ANYTHING FOOLISH NOW--!
PARKER CO.


SHORTLY, STEVE PLEADS WITH INSPECTOR CALLAHAN...
BUT, STEVE, HE'S LIKE A WILD ANIMAL HIDING IN THERE!
TATE IS INNOCENT! THERE ISN'T TIME TO EXPLAIN NOW--LET ME GO IN TO SPEAK TO HIM--ALONE! I'LL MAKE HIM LISTEN!

ALL RIGHT, STEVE! IF IT WILL PREVENT VIOLENCE! BUT I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!
THANKS!


CAUTIOUSLY, THE NEWSPAPER ACE PICKS HIS WAY THROUGH THE LIGHT — FLOODED GAS WORKS...
TATE! TATE! I'M ALONE! LET ME SPEAK TO YOU FOR A MINUTE! THAT'S ALL I WANT...
I WARN YOU! ANY TRICKS-- AND I'LL BLOW US ALL UP!


LISTEN TO ME, TATE! I KNOW YOU'RE INNOCENT--I'VE GOT PROOF OF IT! JUST TRUST ME!
HONEST, MR. WILSON? HONEST?


EVERYTHING IS GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT NOW, TATE! JUST DO AS I SAY! GO ALONG TO HEADQUARTERS QUIETLY WHILE I SHOW INSPECTOR CALLAHAN THE PROOF I'VE GOT! YOU'LL SOON BE A FREE MAN!
T-THANKS, MR. WILSON!

IT IS A SHOCKED REPORTER WHO STANDS BEFORE THE CARLTON MEWS APARTMENTS WITH POLICE OFFICIALS TWENTY MINUTES LATER...
THE TREE'S GONE! THE CROOKS MUST HAVE TAKEN THE ONLY EVIDENCE TO PROVE TATE WAS FRAMED!
POLICE

I'VE GOT AN IDEA! I'D LIKE YOUR ROGUES' GALLERY FILES AND AN HOUR WITH ALEX TATE!

AT HEADQUARTERS...
THERE CAN'T BE TOO MANY OF YOUR FORMER CRONIES WHO KNEW YOUR STYLE OF SAFE-BLOWING LIKE THOSE THUGS DID, TATE! I WANT YOU TO IDENTIFY EVERY ONE OF THEM!
SURE, MR. WILSON! WELL, THERE WAS FLIP MADDEN, AND PETE FISK...
LATER AT 452 LARTON STREET...
I NEVER DID LIKE HIS LOOKS!
THAT'S MR. POWERS ALL RIGHT! I'M SURE OF IT, MR. WILSON!
GOOD GIRL! IF I'M LUCKY, YOU'LL BE IN THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS TOMORROW!
AT 11:30 THAT EVENING, PETE FISK ENTERS HIS APARTMENT, WHEN...
WELCOME HOME, FISK! WE WERE SHOPPING AROUND FOR GEMS AND THOUGHT WE'D LOOK IN ON YOUR COLLECTION!
H-HEY!
SO YOU TRIED TO JUMP INTO THE BIG TIME, FISK! YOU SURE MADE IT! YOU'RE NECK DEEP IN MURDER NOW!
CALLAHAN! I'LL BET MY BY-LINE THE BULLETS FROM THIS GUN CHECK WITH THE BALLISTICS REPORT ON THE DEATH BULLETS!
WHO RATTED? I'LL—
LATER, A HAPPY REFORMED CITIZEN STEPS FROM HIS PRISON CELL... A FREE MAN...
YOU SEE TATE, COLLINS' LANDLADY IDENTIFIED PETE FISK AS THE CHARACTER POSING AS A MR. POWERS IN THE APARTMENT NEXT TO COLLINS! FISK KILLED COLLINS WHEN HE THREATENED TO SQUEAL TO ME!
BUT WHY'D THEY WANT TO PIN IT ON ME, MR. WILSON?
YOU WERE A NATURAL, TATE! JUST PAROLED AND A FORMER SAFE-CRACKER! FRAMING YOU FOR THE CRIME WOULD HAVE CLOSED THE CASE AND LEFT THEM FREE TO OPERATE!
GOSH! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO THANK YOU AND THE POLICE FOR GIVING ME A SQUARE DEAL!
THE END

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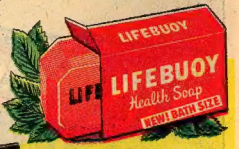


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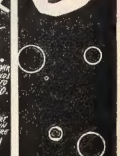

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